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FOR MEN

NUMBER 52 \$3.00

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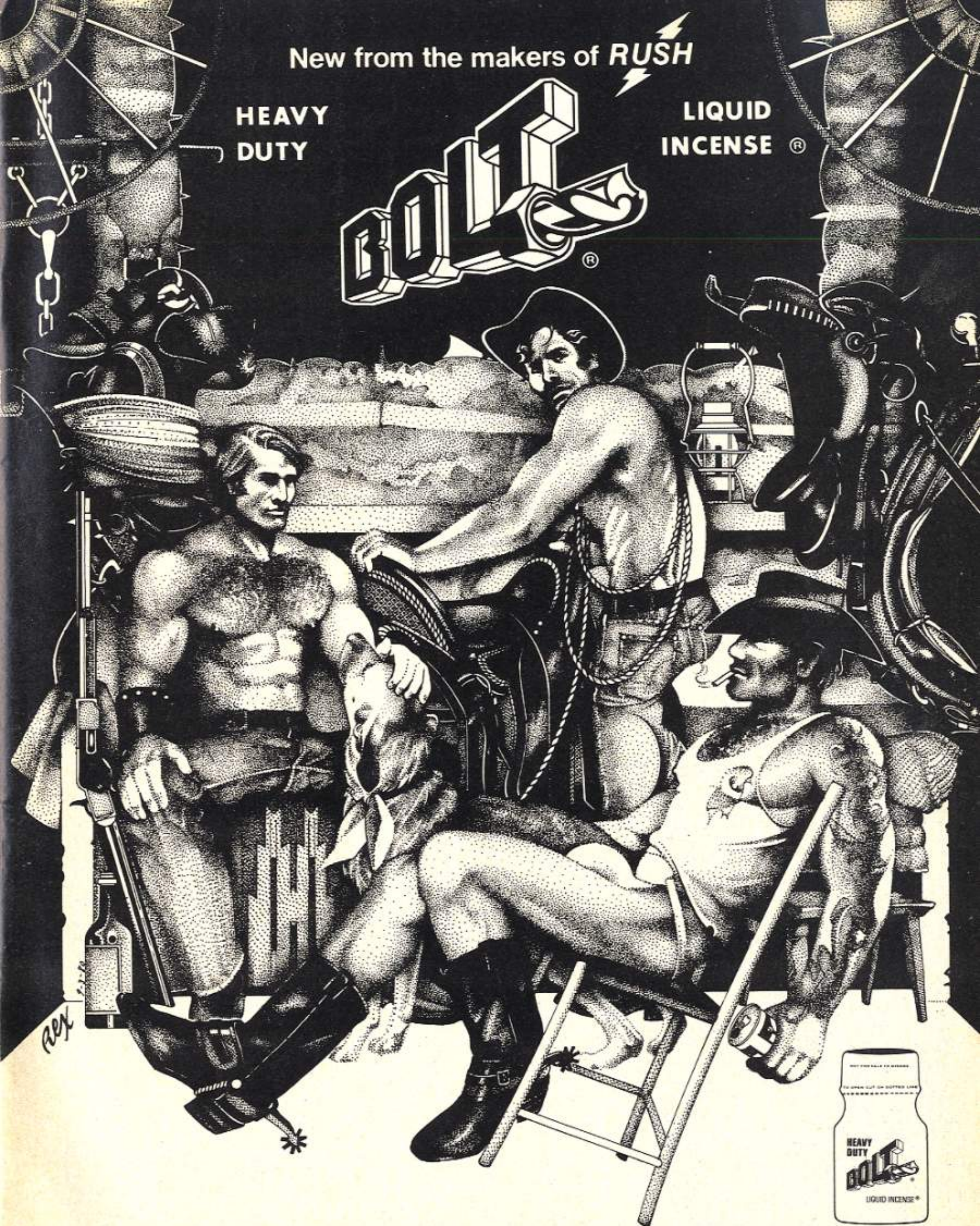
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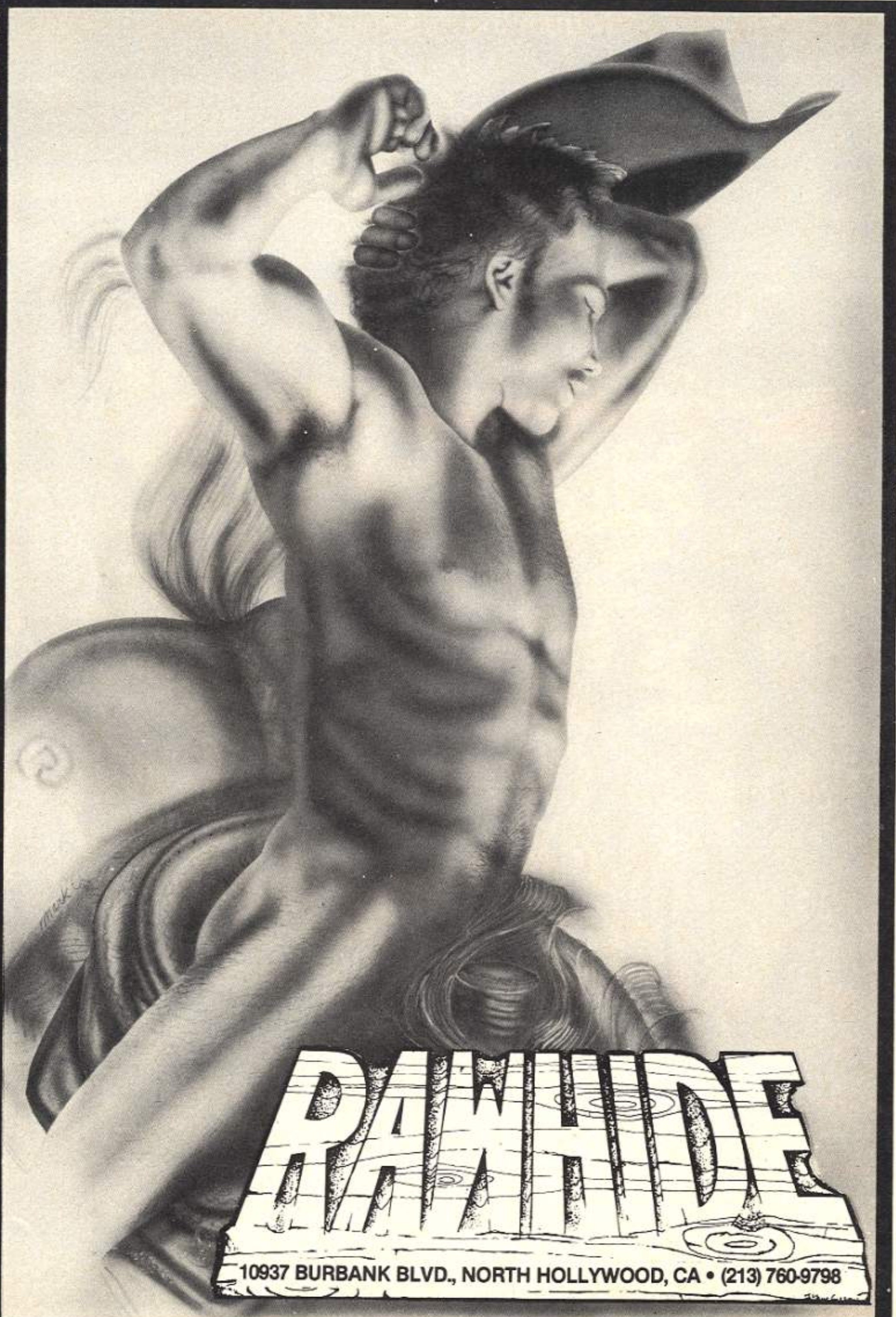
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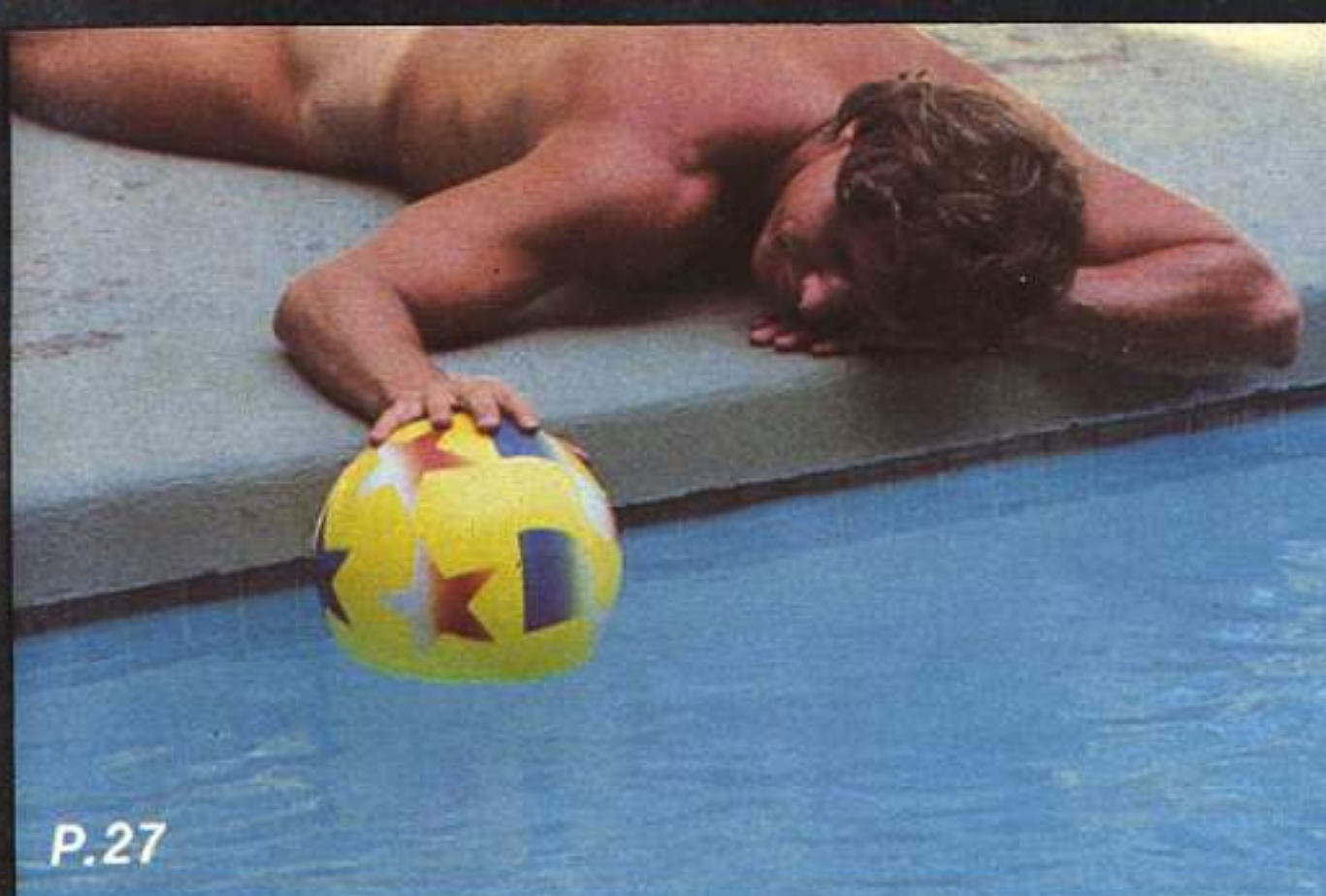


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IN TOUCH For Men (USPS 045-890), Issue 52 (Feb. 1981). Published monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 1316 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027. Opinions expressed in by-lined articles and letters are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of IN TOUCH For Men. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH For Men is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such persons or organizations, and any similarity between individuals named or described in fiction articles and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Contents of the magazine may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright 1980 by IN TOUCH, Inc.

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Subscription rate: 6 issues, \$15.00; 12 issues, \$28.00; 18 issues, \$42.00; Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California and additional offices. IN TOUCH For Men's list of subscribers is confidential, and is not sold, rented, traded or released to anyone at any time.

TOUCH & GO

PRESENTING MR. SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE. There he is—talk about your spread eagle!—the winner of the Mr. Southern Hemisphere 1980 contest, which was held in Melbourne. No, we don't know his name. Perhaps it's Atlas, who was supposed to be Down Under, supporting the world on his shoulders. Welcome to our Men-of-

Australia issue. Jesus, look at those lats! Tie me kangaroo down, boys, tie me kangaroo down!

ANOTHER SLUT FROM AUSTRALIA: O.K., boys, say hello to tall and talented Doris Fish—she of the microwave, micromini and microdot. From the backstreets of Sydney, she clawed and crawled her way to the bottom. She now lives in San Francisco on a not nice street. O.K., can you guess what Miss Fish and the hump next to her have in common? No, they're not married (are you sure you're reading the right magazine?) No, they're not both unemployed (we see you've been to San Francisco.) They are, in fact—drumroll, please—one and the same person! At right, we see Doris when she was Philip, a sweet, unaffected freelance masseur in Sydney. At left, we see what San Francisco did to him. Currently, poor, dissolute Doris is the toast of the town, hostessing the popular cable-TV show *Click* and headlining in *Sluts A Go Go*, a play with screaming. In addition, she writes a hilarious drag-queens-take-over-the-world type column for *Campaign*, an excellent Australian gay newspaper. Doris will also be writing for us from time to time. For a sample, listen to her plug her newest vehicle, *Blonde Sin*, which will soon be put on film:



she says. Also in the cast are Miss X as a singing heiress with a secret and Miss Leading as the 10-year-old Candy Leatherette, the girl who loves her work (a real method actress!)

Doris confides that the play is simply the best or worst show in town "depending on who you're talking to." Plans are in the works to put the *Click* show on public TV stations in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and possibly Germany and Australia.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS: BOY, HOW THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAS CHANGED!

"We Gaylords are a doomed race. Our history bears it out."

It had to happen.

"Please, God," I whispered as I hurried up the sidestairs, "please God, don't let me be right!"

Here it is, the first gothic novel for gay men, *Gaywyck* by Vincent Virga (Avon Books, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 10019; \$2.95). Our young and oh-so-innocent narrator, Robert Whyte, describes himself as "ash-blond fair, with large green eyes and pellucid skin." Ah-huh. The dark, brooding master of *Gaywyck*, for whom he works, is "a large, muscular man, like a fine Irish stallion." You get the picture. This is the kind of extravagantly romantic book where they don't kiss until page 252, and then don't have sex until 50 pages later. And these two don't just make love; they make love "time out of mind." In the meanwhile we are treated to murder, blackmail, twins, secret passages, two-way mirrors and the sinister secret of *Gaywyck* that only Denvers and Nanny Welles know.

"*Gaywyck* was the most massive antebellum mansion imaginable. Veiled in sea mists..." writes Robert when he arrives there at 17 to catalogue the vast *Gaylord* library.

CARY GRANT: UAL OF THE M fall on the Tom when Tom Sny his guest Chev suave Cary Grant plied, "He real physical comic stand he was a on he added, " Soon after, sup Grant hurried a slander suit at first became fa ing on his face Saturday Nigh claimed Chase would damage image." And w

He has been hired master of the plac *Gaylord*. Immediate falls for Robert's eyed beauty"—lik Starr, he has a se who leaves orchid him—but Robert n all. It is only in the of Master Donoug Robert feels "reck alive." The feeling fully mutual. On h Robert, drunk with taste of champagne Donough in privat hugs back but the away, troubled. Fa does not persist " Donough cease to me." Later, Robert mutual friend that "tristesse" for o He, you see, has i In the great tradit Byronic masters s love of a good w decides, "My love form him." He beg Chopin etudes on and read the Bron However, when is away, Robert is the "priapic" Seth rough-trade teena



CARY GRANT—HETEROSEXUAL OF THE MONTH: Last fall on the *Tomorrow Show* when Tom Snyder compared his guest Chevy Chase to suave Cary Grant, Chevy replied, "He really was a great physical comic, and I understand he was a homo." Later on he added, "What a gal!" Soon after, superstar Cary Grant hurled a \$10-million slander suit at the actor who first became famous for falling on his face weekly on *Saturday Night Live*. Grant claimed Chase's remarks would damage his "masculine image." And we know how im-

portant a "masculine image" must be to anyone who, like Grant, is an executive of a perfume company (Faberge). Especially one whose three marriages all broke up because the brides saw so little of the groom. Third wife Betsy Drake said, "He preferred watching T.V." Fourth wife Dyan Cannon said he married her only because he had decided, at the age of 60, that he wanted a child. Later, they divorced because, according to Dyan, he was an "apostle of LSD" who frequently beat her.

Above, we see the star at home in the Thirties with his little dog and big roommate, Randolph Scott, a man of equestrian beauty whom Cary did not beat. They shared digs

off and on for years (before and after Cary's marriages) even though at \$300,000 a picture (big bucks in those days) Cary certainly didn't need help with the rent. Fan magazines of the period noted that they always double-dated, prompting scriptwriter Anita Loos to observe that you couldn't invite one of these two confirmed heterosexuals to a party without inviting the other. And Mae West said that one of Cary and Randy's most frequent guests at their secluded Santa Monica bungalow by the sea was Mr. Out-of-the-Closet himself, Noel Coward.

Well, it is hard to maintain a straight—excuse us—"masculine" image these days. Such rigors, in Grant's case, are not helped by the recent release of the excellent and much acclaimed work, *Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality* (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, IL 60637) in which author John Boswell reports that the first publically recorded use of the word "gay" to mean homosexual was in the 1939 movie, *Bringing Up Baby*, in which Cary Grant says "I've gone gay" to explain why he's running around in a dress.

May we suggest a jock-strap, cockring and two nipple-clamps next time? So much better for keeping that "masculine image" intact. Hey, Cary, hey, Chevy, get off our backs! And stay off! And if that's a problem, we recommend cold showers. Real cold.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS: BOY, HOW THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAS CHANGED!

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"Gaywyck was the most massive antebellum mansion imaginable. Veiled in sea mists..." writes Robert when he arrives there at 17 to catalogue the vast Gaylord library.

He has been hired by the master of the place, Donough Gaylord. Immediately everyone falls for Robert's "emerald-eyed beauty"—like Brenda Starr, he has a secret admirer who leaves orchids around for him—but Robert refuses them all. It is only in the presence of Master Donough that young Robert feels "recklessly alive." The feelings are painfully mutual. On his birthday, Robert, drunk with his first taste of champagne, hugs Donough in private. Donough hugs back but then draws away, troubled. Fair Robert does not persist "lest Donough cease to respect me." Later, Robert is told by a mutual friend that love is "tristesse" for old Donough. He, you see, has a Big Secret. In the great tradition of Byronic masters saved by the love of a good woman, Robert decides, "My love will transform him." He begins to play Chopin etudes on the piano and read the Brontes.

However, when the master is away, Robert is pursued by the "priapic" Seth Jones, a rough-trade teenager who

peppers his dialogue with "shits" and "fucks." ("He was impossibly vulgar. I tried not to look shocked."—Kids, this will be a starring role that only Joan Fontaine can play.) Still, the rude Seth pushes dirty photos—taken with that new invention the camera—under the nose of pretty Robert, who reacts as only a virgin in a romantic novel can: "Never having seen their lascivious like before, I experienced a profound, dizzying concupiscence that annihilated me. I had to stretch myself out flat on the parquet floor and think of other things." Honey, this is your fullblown, round-trip, no-expense-spared gothic novel. It's easy to have fun with it, but don't think we're making fun of it. Well-written, imaginatively paced, in the end even touching (with more denouements than a Greek tragedy), *Gaywyck* will take its place beside *The Front Runner* as an intelligent, rewarding work that neither insults the reader nor mocks the genre it chooses to speak in. We recommend *Gaywyck* without reservation.





HAGEN DAZE: She looks like Ursula Andress gone wacky, her records have turned gold in Europe, and she's now about to conquer the U.S. She already owns New York and San Francisco, where both the punks and the gays are daffy-duck over her toxic-shock singing, spitting out words in *achtung* German, yodeling and then suddenly taking off into crystal-clear coloratura. It's German Opera you can dance to. At this very moment, she's working on her first album in English. Will you like Nina? Take this test. Do you spend your Sundays soaking up the atmosphere at state asylums? Have you ever wished for a big Broadway musical about Hiroshima? Do you feel that the country that gave you World War I, World War II and Donna Summer can't be all bad? If so, you will LOVE and ADORE this little pink-haired chick. She makes headlines wherever she goes. In Sweden, the press was up in

arms when she smoked hash on TV. Nina's response: "They'll die for that." In Austria, Nina made quite a splash on a live talkshow when a guest said he didn't care a fig for female orgasm. Nina enlightened him with a graphic description of clitoral stimulation—illustrating the finer points of her body. "People called the station," remembers the singer, "saying maybe Germany should bring back Hitler." We are told that when Nina found out that IN TOUCH was running an item on her, she was ecstatic to be in a gay magazine. In one of her songs—on the incredible "Unbehagen (Ill-at-Ease)" album—Nina wishes she were a boy just so she could "get into the gay scene/I'd shake up all those sexy studs/I'd have enough action/if I was a boy." We think she's shaking up the sexy studs as it is; the humpiest trendsetters on Castro and Christopher are already spit-and-polishing to her boot-clicking beat.

—Nick D'Aurizio

THE KITSCH OF DEATH: Do fur toilet seats make you ill? Does the lava lamp in your neighbor's home make you think that straight people really are lagging a few rungs behind us on the evolutionary scale? Then you may be ready for CARAT (Committee Against Racism And Tackiness.) Its leader, David Ramsden, a 25-year-old musician and gay activist, was recently charged with seven counts of theft when he went down the suburban streets of his hometown, Peterborough, Ontario, and "liberated four flamingos, two black (lawn) jockeys, two gnomes, a grey rabbit, three swans, Snow White and all seven dwarves," according to *Body Politic*, a Canadian gay paper. The police called it burglary; Ramsden called it "social comment." Many locals condemned his actions, but Lynda Hurst, a columnist for the *Toronto Star*, deemed his mission worthy. "There are several streets in Scarborough," she wrote, "that

would be aesthetically improved by a man of his vision." Already, a "Free the Flamingos" movement is developing in Ontario as CARAT's ranks increase.



WE SEE LONDON, WE SEE FRANCE, WE SEE ROBBIE BENSON'S UNDERPANTS!

We found this bit of Chicken Delight in a Fotonovel of the movie, *Ice Castles* (Fotonovel Publications, 8831 Sunset, Penthouse West, Los Angeles, Ca. 90069; \$2.50) Now, we know for a lot of you a shot of Robbie Benson in his jockey shorts is second only to, oh, meeting Guy Madison in his prime, or getting drunk at a party with Paul Lynde. Guy and Paul are out of town, but Robbie, as you can see is, very much with us. Ah-huh!



AMERICAN CINEMA

MARILYN IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE:

Why the Twilight Zone? Because this isn't Marilyn. This is Linda Kerridge, a beauty from the Out Back—Wagga, Wagga, Australia, to be exact. "I remember people yelling 'Marilyn' at me in the streets of Paris," says Linda, who leap-frogged from her island country to Japan and then to Europe with one modeling assignment after another, thanks to a Monroe resemblance that can only be called eerie. "In London, I'd get invited to all sorts of ritzy things just because I looked like her. It was quite a novelty. The funny thing is, I didn't even know who Marilyn was until I was 13. People would stop me when I was in grade school, and say, you look like a baby version of Marilyn Monroe and I'd just smile. Then when I was 13 I saw her in an old film, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Well, I just fell in love with her right off. She was so funny and talented and

even though it was a comedy, you could see she was also sad underneath." Linda, who has appeared in homage-to-Marilyn nude spreads in *Oui* and *Playboy*, recently appeared in the interesting film, *Fade to Black*, a movie about a demented film-fanatic who turns Linda into the *Prince-and-the-Showgirl* Monroe and plays a macabre scene with her. Linda now feels she's done Marilyn to, um, death. "I don't want to make a career imitating someone. I have something of my own to offer. If I thought they only liked me because I looked like Marilyn, I'd quit." We hope not.

GUERRILLA NUNS: The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, a "convent" of gay male "nuns" became culture heroes in San Francisco last summer when they rid the Castro area of anti-gay evangelicals. Fundamentalist street preachers had invaded the area as part of an all-out effort to save what they saw as a "Modern Sodom." Instead of blaring love through their bullhorns, however, they incited anti-gay attacks—it is believed—by emboldening would-be assailants with their incessant portrayal of gays as immoral, weak and evil. Enter the good Sisters. Blowing whistles, singing loudly, out-shouting bullhorns, they focused the anger of the gay residents who joined them in thundering chants and thoroughly put the fear of God into the fleeing fundamentalists. "Have mercy" went one litany, "on the self-righteous who take away our liberty!" Recently the order protested a local Jesuit University which had excluded a gay-lawyers group. When the Sisters

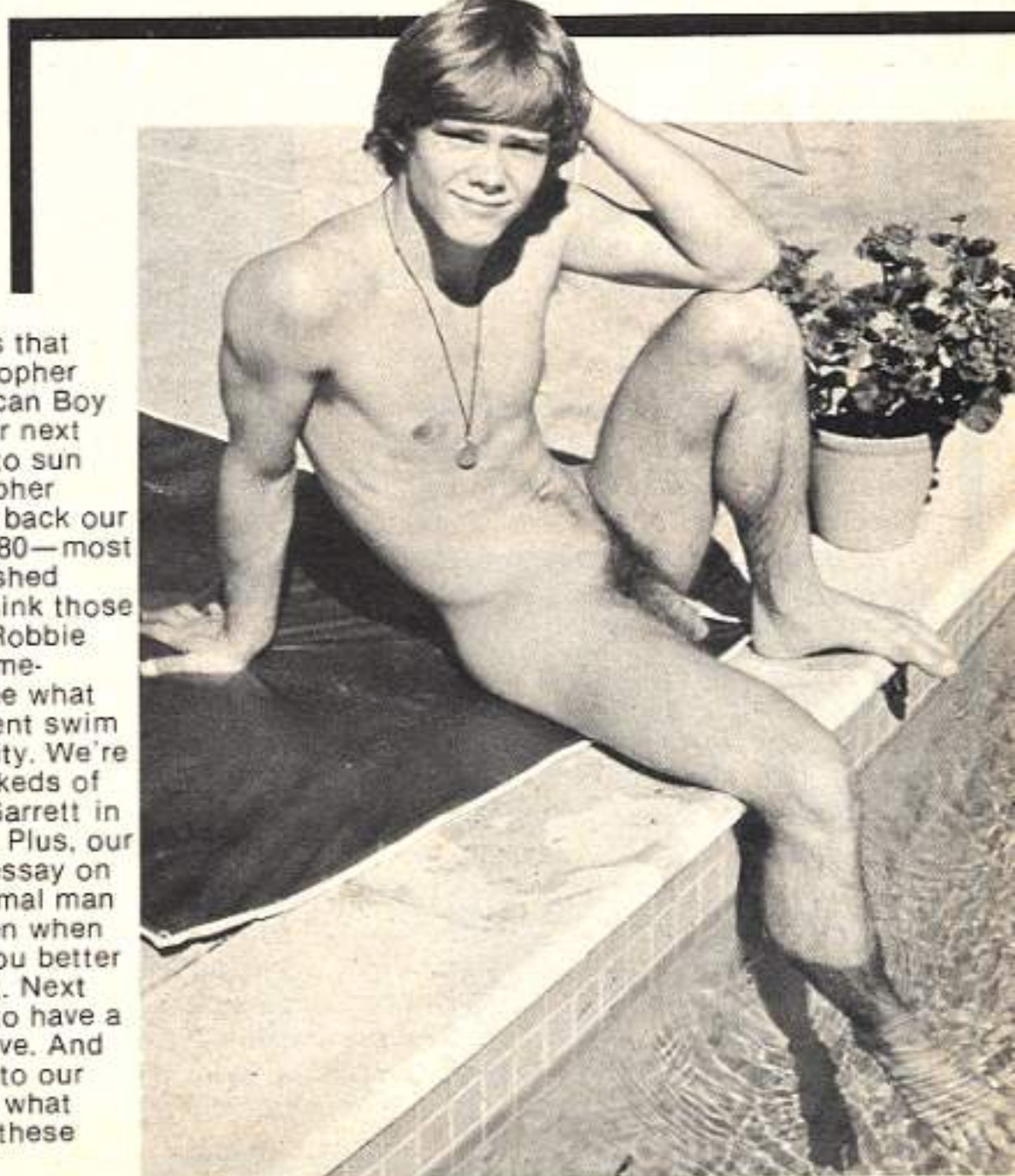


would not let up, a real nun came forth from the school and said, "I resent you wearing my habit!" "But Sister," corrected one of the Perpetuals, "you are wearing your habit! . . . and I am wearing my habit."

Doris Fish reports from San Fran: The Sisters are a common sight at big gatherings, especially when Christian fanatics will be harassing the nice boys. Sister Flagellation leads the "attack" with hymns, chants and prayers to save us all from "hypocrites, nine-to-five jobs and Reagan."

A recent dialogue with the Reverend Mother revealed the existence of a national nun network (with convents in Hawaii, Seattle, New Orleans, New York and Washington DC) which protests anti-gay preachers regularly.

"We think of ourselves as spiritual guardians of gay pride," the Reverend Mother confided. "We like to keep in touch with our 'fairy selves.' We are real nuns and Christians. We are attempting the expurgation of bullshit in Christianity." She concluded, "We love our habits."



GO ON, KISS IT: Kiss that photograph of Christopher James, our all American Boy from issue #45. In our next issue, you'll be able to sun and fun with Christopher again when we bring back our centerfold men of 1980—most in never-before-published photos. And if you think those underwear shots of Robbie Benson there are something, wait till you see what we snapped at a recent swim meet in Television City. We're talking about half-nakeds of Scott Baio and Leif Garrett in wet, dripping trunks. Plus, our long awaited photo-essay on Richard Gere, an animal man who looks naked even when he's dressed. Hey, you better give those lips a rest. Next month you're going to have a lot of magazine to love. And don't go giving it all to our 1980 men; you know what psychotic peacocks these movie actors are.

We get up early to bring you



the best produce in town.

PICKING LETTUCE ISN'T THE ONLY REASON THESE BOYS GET UP A LITTLE EXTRA EARLY: We found this on the plastic bags of a supermarket in West Hollywood. Further comment is unnecessary.

LETTERS:

JOHNNY WADDDD

Wow! Your "50 Nude Men" in Issue #50 were worth the seven years it took you to assemble them! I sent away for lots of back issues that they first appeared in, including issue #32. In that issue, you have an interview with John Holmes, the skin-flick star with the foot-long hot dog. The interviewer asks, "You don't make it with men?" And John Holmes says, "Never. No desire to." Well, bullshit! I remember him when he was starring in fuck films as "Johnny Wadd." I not only have seen films of him in threesomes, getting it off with another dude, I OWN a film of him and another dude! What is this Keep-it-in-the-Closet shit, John? Man, I'm so bored of these bi's hightailing it back under the Puritan curtain that is falling over the land.

Bored
Coral Gables, FL

Mr. Holmes claims that he has a look-alike running around making sex films. Other people claim that James Dean is living as a vegetable at the Farmer's Market.

—Ed.

FUNNY, THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED...

I recently sent for a back issue of your magazine (#36) and the Village People were in it. Could you tell me if the Village People—especially David Hodo and Randy Jones—are gay?

Ed Collette
Ely, Nevada

Judging from their last movie, we'd say the Village People are quite depressed.

—Ed.

LET THEM EAT BLAKE

Have been buying your magazine for years off the rack and decided to enter my subscription with your 50th Collector's Issue. What a surprise! Your spread on the IN TOUCH shipping-room boy, Blake Palmer, is possibly the best turn-on I've ever gotten from your magazine, and I recalled some hot ones! That grin on page 48 is a heart-stopper! What I want to know now is—how cum it took you so long to entice him off his forklift and into a centerfold... and does he have a twin brother?

A Blake-Palmer Fan
Richmond, CA

Please, please all this praise will give him a swelled head—or is that a swollen head, Blake? He says he has no twin brothers (but, Fan, we like the way your mind works.) You can see more of Blake—the whole



show, so to speak—in TOO HOT TO HANDLE #11. For now, how's the above for heart-stoppers?

—Ed.

BURN GENET AND TENNESSEE TOO

I was shocked to find a photograph from *Cruising* in your magazine (#50). Do you realize that by doing this you make people want to see a film that promotes the murder of gays! It is unthinkable that a film that displays gays as easy victims and brutal

killers should have any space in your magazine. Let's hear no more of this film! Also, I think you owe an apology to your readers.

Jeff Church
Boston, Mass.

Oh, climb down from your ceiling, Jeff. We suggest you see the movie before you judge it. Cruising no more promotes the murder of gays than Psycho promotes the murder of bank secretaries. We refuse to be swayed by this popular but—in our opinion—wrongheaded harangue. Gay people are no better or worse than straight people, heir to the same dangers, capable of the same strengths. No special treatment, please! As far as it being "unthinkable" to publish a still of Cruising: Number one, no thoughts are unthinkable. Number two, all thoughts are worthy, at the very least, of expression (if only so they can be combatted by wiser ones). And number three, a group whose very existence was once censored, once blacked out of historical records, should never, NEVER throw its weight behind censorship.

—Ed.

IN SEARCH OF... GAY BOYS

I saw your article "How To Pick Up Straight Men" in #50. Well, one thing you gay mags overlook is an article on how to tell gay males from straights; how to meet gays. I live in a fairly small town, and it is hard to meet gay males unless a person knows where to look.

Name Withheld
Waterloo, NY

Contact the nearest university; they will probably have a gay society, which can put you in touch with gay activities in your area. As far as telling gay males from straight ones; this is not a real issue. Just smile at whomever smiles at you; be kind to whomever is kind to you. And if your instincts tell you that a man is going out of his way to be warm you're right. Turn up the heat. Gut reactions are the reactions to trust when you're dealing with things below the belt.

—Ed.

THANK YOU!

I am age 31 and admitted my own gayness only ten months ago. I struggled with the decision for 6 years because of guilt created by the homophobic attitudes presented by television, movies and the press. Living in small towns most of my life, I was never exposed to gay life styles.

Since January, I have been to several gay events in Los Angeles, San Francisco and

Reno. Being around other gays has enabled me to rid myself of guilt, develop pride in gayness and begin to openly come out to my sister and close friends. I am not completely out of the closet yet, but each time I tell another friend I feel more free.

Living in a town with no other "known" gays, IN TOUCH is my main source for constant growth of gay pride. I know there must be other people in small towns who see you as their only link to gay freedom, and I want to thank you for them and for me. If my letter is printed, please use only my initials.

R.B.

Bishop, CA.

P.S. If I had known that guys like Chris Silberhorn (Issue #49) were running around Montana while I was growing up, I would have come out as a Big Sky Guy years ago!!!

PROSE AND CONS

I am incarcerated in prison, alone, frightened and scared, caught in the steel jaws of this man-made Hell. I am frightened of being swallowed up by the bitterness and loneliness of confinement. I don't want to be a living robot, programmed to react only to whistles, bells and threats of punishment, as some inmates around me have become. You see, loneliness knows no age, race or creed. I am reaching out to communicate with positive, mature people. For without human contact, the world is a living hell. I pray that some of your readers will be moved to correspond with me. Thank you.

Melvin R. Davis
Box 99 C-73124
Pontiac, Ill.

Our rule is never to print letters seeking pen pals—many of which come from prisoners—but the desperation of this writer grabbed us and, more important, we wanted to balance out the letter that follows. In no way do we wish it to suggest that all prisoners con their pen pals. Some, however, do. This next writer demanded that we use the name of the convict but forbade us from using his. We decided to withhold both.

—Ed.

Last year I started corresponding with a prisoner, who sent me what he said was a photo of himself. It was a photo of a white male about 18 years old. In fact, Mr. W. is black. He said he was imprisoned for interstate transportation of stolen cars. In fact, he is in prison for rape. He said he had no one who cared for him. In fact, he had a girlfriend who came twice a month for conjugal visits. After four months of letters that really made me believe he truly loved me and would be coming to live with me upon release, he wrote that he was just informed he still had to pay off a \$500 fine

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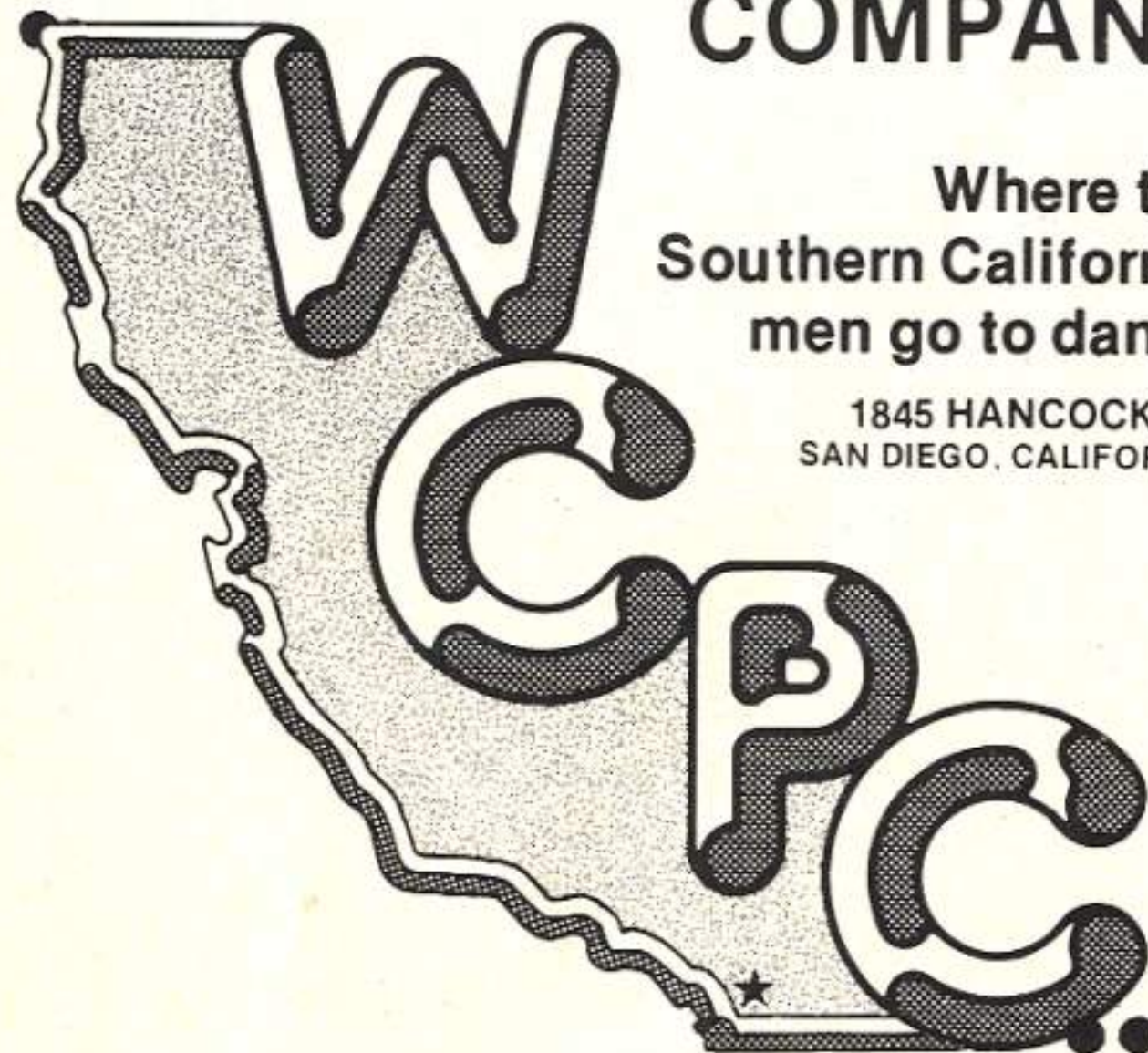
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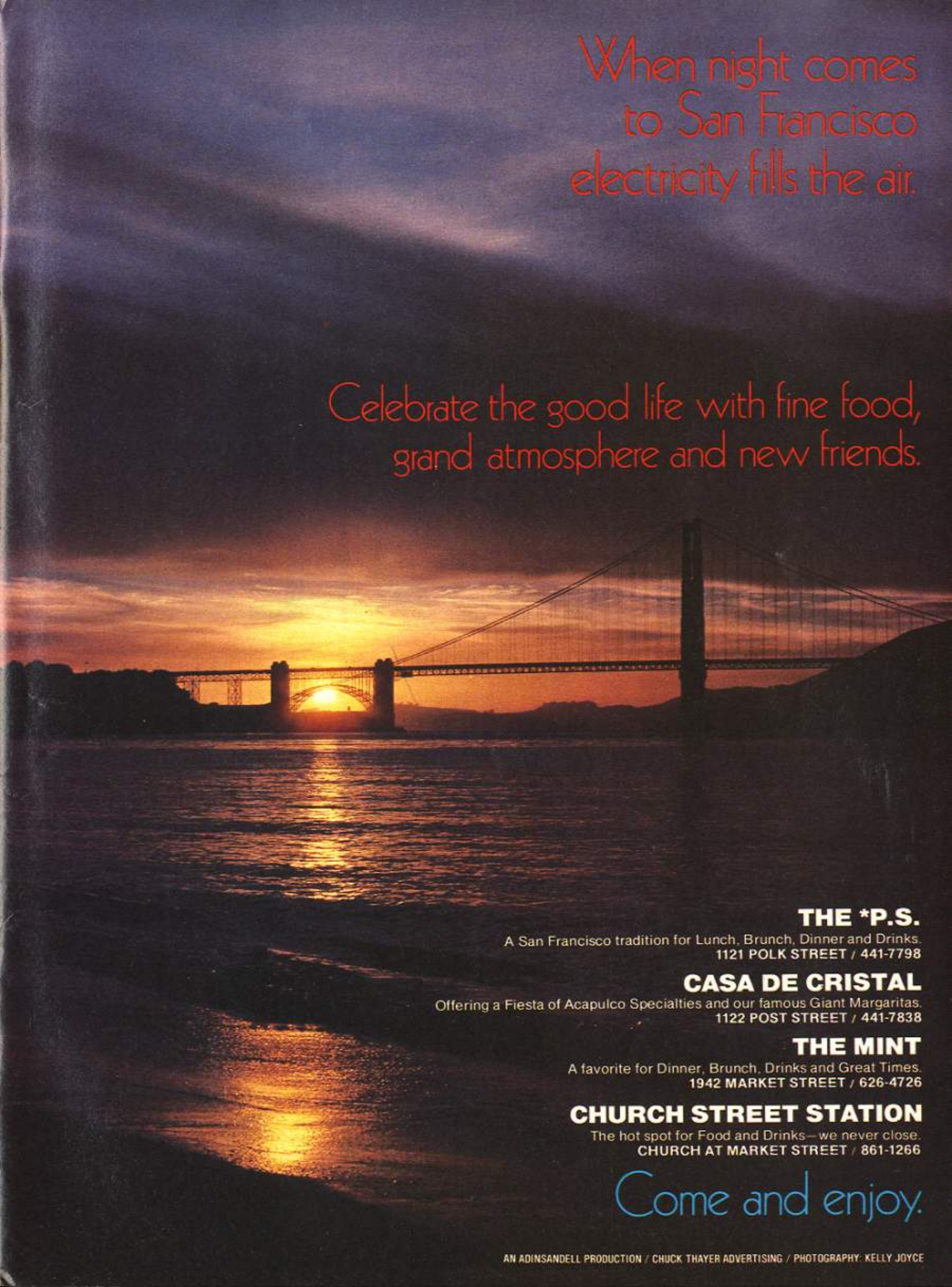
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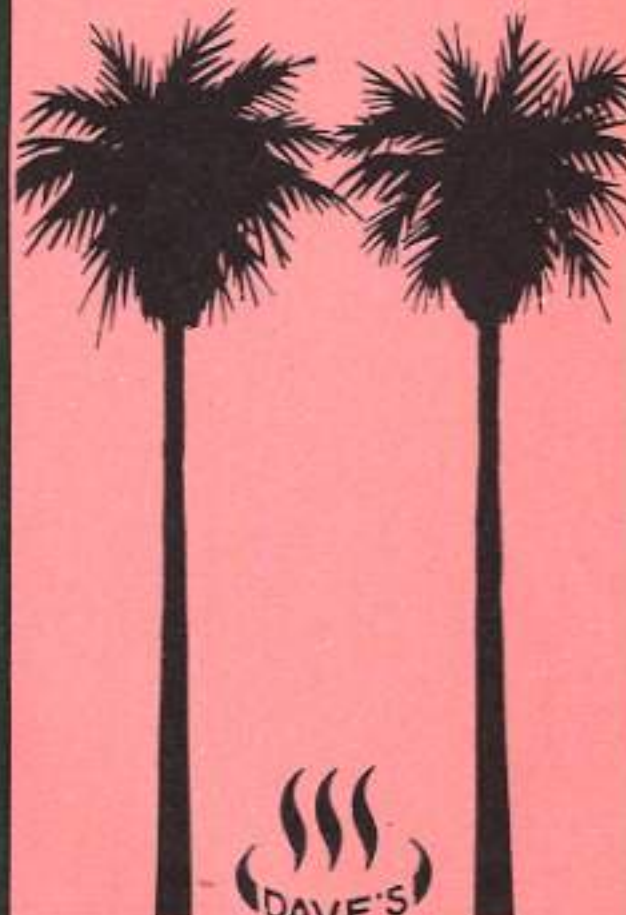
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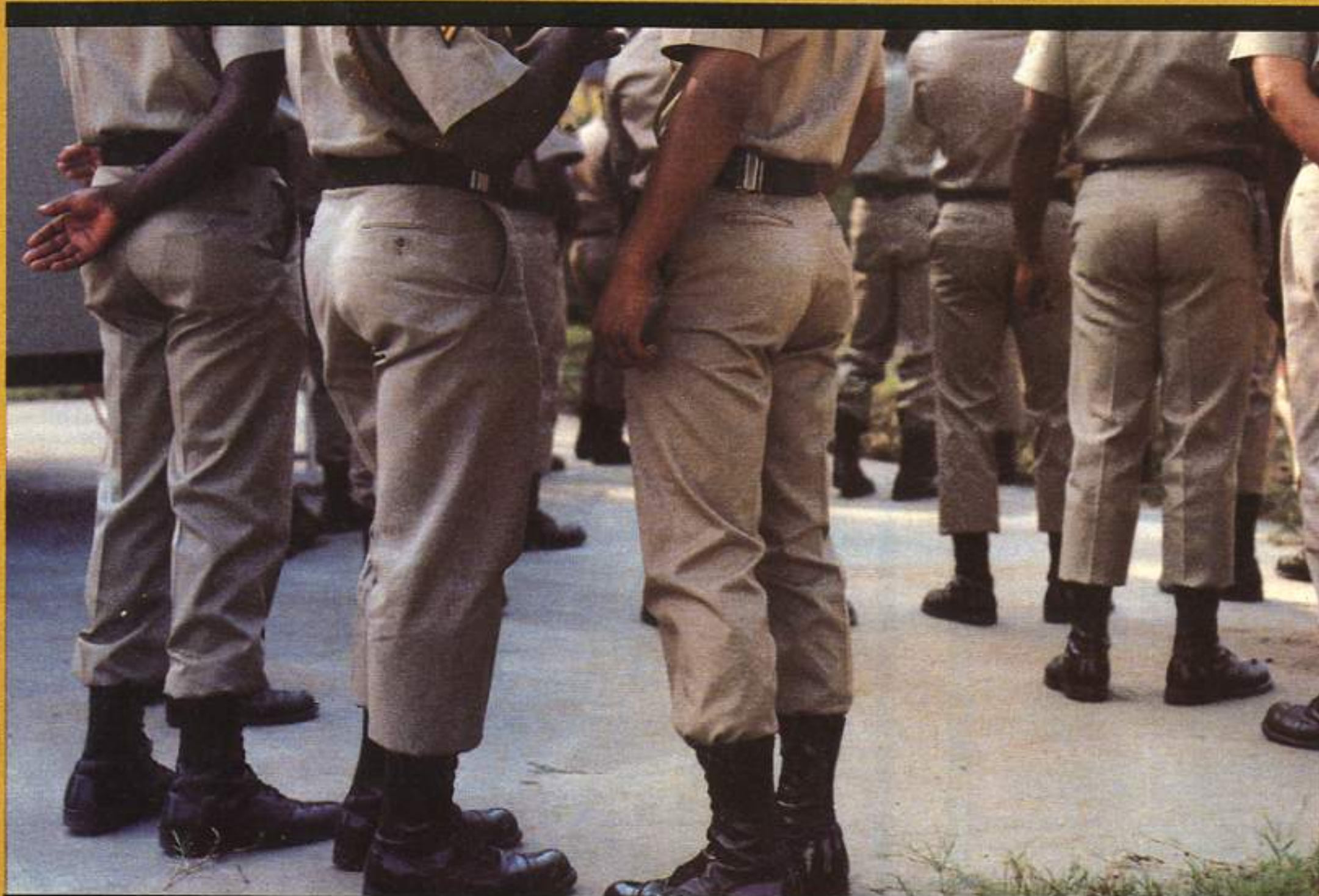
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A True Story by "Wallace Holly"

"Wallace Holly" is the pseudonym for a writer who regularly appears in these pages under his real name. To protect his privacy and that of the persons involved in some of the cases he discusses, he chose

to use a pseudonym, falling victim again—subtly and at a distance—to the military's ruthless collusion to silence homosexuals. But let us not judge too harshly the many writers who appear here—and in

other gay magazines—under the protection of a mask. Let us instead contemplate the nature of a society that forces people to hide in this way and what we must do about it.

There are occasional news reports from the U.S. Armed Forces that bring back memories. Last year I read about the young Marines at Camp Pendleton in California who were part of a male prostitution ring. This was just another in a long list of revelations about gay sex in the military. During the past few years, each major branch of the armed forces has been confronted with a homosexual *cause celebre*. What these cases share with the well-known examples of Sgt. Leonard Matlovitch of the Air Force and the Norton Sound 8 of the Navy is the "immediacy" of the discharge from the armed services.

The fact is that most civilian gays are unaware of what the separation process is like in the military, and how the military treats the gays it discharges. As much as I would like to forget it, I was part of the Army's separation process system not quite a decade ago. Even in those days the irony of my job bothered me.

At Fort Dix, New Jersey, I was assigned to the post's Transient Detachment. When I first came to this duty, I was amused by the Kafkaesque name of this final assignment station. No one in the military could avoid a stay at Transient Detachment. Most veterans remember the Induction Center with mixed feelings, but TD—as we called it—was just as surreal, with its bizarre procedures and paper work.

The Detachment was the last stop, and sometimes it might take two days to be processed—or it might take two weeks. There were several billets to house those who were awaiting their final orders, and while waiting, soldiers were made to attend proper orientation lectures (to be able to re-enter civilian life painlessly, they said). All separating personnel received the DD214, of which there were six copies—this is the paper that really states that the soldier is free of the Army. Also, men received a formal discharge, which was signed by the officer at Transient Detachment, whom the vet never met. It was the sort of bureaucratic kiss-off that made men who had laid their life on the line, risked and maybe lost an arm, a leg, an eye cynical about the military forever after. Because the discharges were usually Vietnam veterans, fresh from the war zone, military discipline was lax. These were the men who had done their tours in Hell and were not about to put up with harassment. For them, the ordeal was nearly over.

But the Transient Detachment handled all cases of separation—not just the "Honorable." We had to process those who received less-than-honorable, undesirable, bad conduct, and dishonorable discharges. It was my job to interview and type the papers of many of these people. At first, I was surprised by the number of gays who were tossed out each week! This was only one base; there were several Transient Detachments throughout the country.

In the beginning, I merely resented my job. Later, I hated it. I hated being required to take part in this unfair practice. It was preposterous! The Army discharged people on the grounds that their sexual habits made them somehow unfit, not "moral" enough to kill. I felt like a guard at some kind of American Treblinka. Homosexual discharges had their own barracks, the 212 Billet, named after the regulation number by which one was purged from the Army for "sex crimes." Amusingly enough, straight G.I.s would sometimes bunk in the 212 Billet without knowing. The Detachment Office was frequently receiving reports from soldiers who said they were propositioned.

Some homosexual men were kept under armed guard at the Post Stockade and marched down to the TD area each morning. These gays were apparently considered dangerous. These gays were usually *children*—the oldest might have been 18; most were 17! When I walked through the office early in the morning, it was not uncommon to be whistled at. This did not make my position with my fellow workers any the less tense. At first, I thought I was the only hypocrite at TD. During my year-long stay there, I would see that this was untrue.

The staff of TD was relatively tiny. My specialty was handling the homosexual discharges. Apparently, I was good at my job, for while everyone around me was being shipped off to the war, my job was "stabilized." That is, I was never put on the levy for Vietnam duty and for that one favor, I was grateful. Soon, I began to know the staff. One comrade was a black from New Jersey named Scott. He looked like Muhammed Ali and was a physical-fitness freak. One day he told me that his civilian roommate was a hairdresser; Scott swung both ways. Another close friend was a social worker at the Post Mental Health Clinic; he was a captain—also gay—who signed official and medical papers on many discharges. He became my salvation. I needed Jay to help me adjust to what I was doing. But in all our long discussions, I never did adjust to it.

The cases I encountered were legion. Sometimes I wondered about the motives of the men involved. Some of them admitted to me that their "public" sex acts were committed precisely for a discharge so they could avoid going to Vietnam. I never judged them. How could I? Since I did not have to go to Vietnam, I was not faced with a choice such as theirs. I did not have to "go public."

Jay had told me that the Post Stockade was a zoo. He went there twice a week to counsel and give therapy to some of the inmates. He said that I shouldn't ask what it was like, that it would only upset me. But not long after that, I found out what it was like from a young soldier of 17. His name was Joe, had a history of AWOLs, running away from the Army and being caught and put back in the Post Stockade. It was in the Stockade

Today, gay soldiers are seldom stigmatized with an undesirable discharge (though they are still routinely and immediately dismissed). However, if you are a gay veteran with a less than honorable discharge, you can now have it upgraded and, in many cases, be restored to your full veteran's benefits. However, **YOU MUST APPLY FOR YOUR UPGRADING BEFORE APRIL 1, 1981.** Contact the Gay Rights/Veteran Education division of the American Civil Liberties Union (1346 Connecticut Avenue NW, Ninth Floor, Washington, DC 20036, or call their toll-free number 1-800-424-5402.) The ACLU informs us that current military attitudes are "far more liberal" now toward veterans discharged after 1965 on charges of homosexuality, providing that their records were good and that no violence or coercion of minors was involved in their dismissal.

Good luck.

(And by the way, the ACLU is non-profit, always there for gay rights and could use your donation. Regardless of whether you need an upgrade or not, the ACLU has affected your life already, in ways you probably take for granted. The next time you say you're proud to be gay, put your money where your mouth is and remember the dedicated, underpaid, heroic men and women of the ACLU.)

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that he committed the "crime" for which he was being discharged. In an open bay of men, he had had a sexual relation that was thoroughly detailed. His record—one of the thickest I had ever encountered—included lengthy transcripts and depositions from the half dozen witnesses who had seen him get into a bunk with another soldier. After pages of questions, Joe admitted that he had masturbated the other soldier. The authorities wanted every detail:

Q: Where were the other soldier's hands?
 A: Behind his head.
 Q: Was he naked?
 A: He took off his shorts after I had put my hand on his penis.
 Q: Was he erect?
 A: Yes, sir, before I sat on the bed.
 Q: How did you know he was erect?
 A: He told me.

On and on, the questions probed. The information they sought seemed to go way beyond what was needed to establish a sexual encounter. Finally, the boy admitted he bent over the bunk and let the other soldier mount him.

Q: Did you or he take off your underwear?
 A: I didn't take them off.
 Q: Were they at your knees?
 A: No, sir. It was military underwear with the big slit that opened easy. So I had put them on backwards.

The questions continued, asking if a lubricant was used (yes, shaving cream from the footlocker). Had the other soldier penetrated the rectum or had it been his penis between the buttocks? They did it each way. How many times did he have an orgasm? Twice. It seemed obvious that the line of questioning was pointedly meant to excite the questioners and degrade the prisoner. Rather than establish any moral grounds for Joe's discharge, this episode convinced me that such "investigations" were more prurient than anything that had passed between those two men in view of six others. The soldier Joe was given an Undesirable Discharge.

Another case I handled involved a career sergeant. This man was 28 and had done a tour of duty in Vietnam. His record was filled with commendations, awards and Medals of Valor while in Vietnam. As company sergeant at Fort Dix, however, he had come to work one morning very upset. He broke down during the day and confessed to his 19-year-old company commander that he was in love with him. He was treated—the Army thought—with compassion. The sergeant was given a general discharge; this was the highest discharge I ever encountered for a gay person.

A third kind of discharge was bestowed upon two young soldiers who were caught in an act of public sex. Each man was a recruit in basic training. At Fort Dix there was an enormous barn-like building with a hundred phone booths. Early one morning, about three A.M., these two men met at the telephone center. Entering one telephone booth, one man sat down and the other leaned against him. The word "fellatio" was strewn throughout the report. Two MPs had come into the telephone center and caught them. Both men

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were given bad conduct discharges. I was never able to determine any standard policy regarding these separations—except the immediacy of the discharge.

Yet another case raised the issue of the Army's total control over a soldier's life. Again, two G.I.s, off-duty, stationed in Germany, were caught *in flagrante delicto* with a female prostitute in a motel outside the base. The MPs had discovered them on the floor in an act of oral sex. The detailed description given by the Military Policemen explained how the threesome were laying in a triangle, all performing oral sex on one another. The two soldiers were dismissed with bad conduct discharges.

It is interesting to note that the Military Police had nothing better to do than seek out soldiers in motels and apartments and other places where they would most likely be having sexual relationships. Perhaps the most serious "crime" was committed by the voyeuristic MPs.

The attitude the Army has toward soldiers is encoded in the sort of discharges it gives them. Honorables—never given to gay soldiers, no matter how valiant or honorable their service has been—are rectangular and printed on a heavy-duty paper. There is some color, red and blue, in the bunting decoration.

General discharges have been given to gays; these are similar to the Honorable, but lack color, and the print is plainer. There is no loss of benefits associated with the general discharge. It is merely a technical insult from the military.

Loss of benefits accompany undesirable discharges which are white and on cheap typing paper. Bad conduct discharges are also on cheap typing paper but these have a rosy color, like the pink slips workers get when they are fired. These two discharges are apparently interchangeable, especially when bestowed on gay soldiers.

Dishonorable discharges are printed on an onion skin paper—for easy disposal, I guess. I don't recall any instance when this discharge was given to a gay; it was reserved for hard-core criminals.

At that time, the Army's treatment of gays was a source of irritation to me. The other gays I knew at TD were also resigned to doing their jobs, however unpleasant. But I could not buy the argument that if gays were discreet—that is, remained totally in the closet—there would be no trouble. The Army simply had no right to condemn these people, who had no legal recourse! The government should have had no jurisdiction over the bedrooms of its citizen-soldiers. But the military's abuse of its power did not stop there. Psychiatrists and social workers in the U.S. Army were told—and are still told—NOT to counsel homosexual men; they are told, instead, to turn them in, to report such confidences so that proceedings may be started against the men. In other words, it is forbidden in the Army for 17 and 18-year-olds even to wonder about gay feelings out loud! It was the U.S. military's belief at that time that homosexuality had no right to exist. Current events show that this mentality has not changed one whit! ■■

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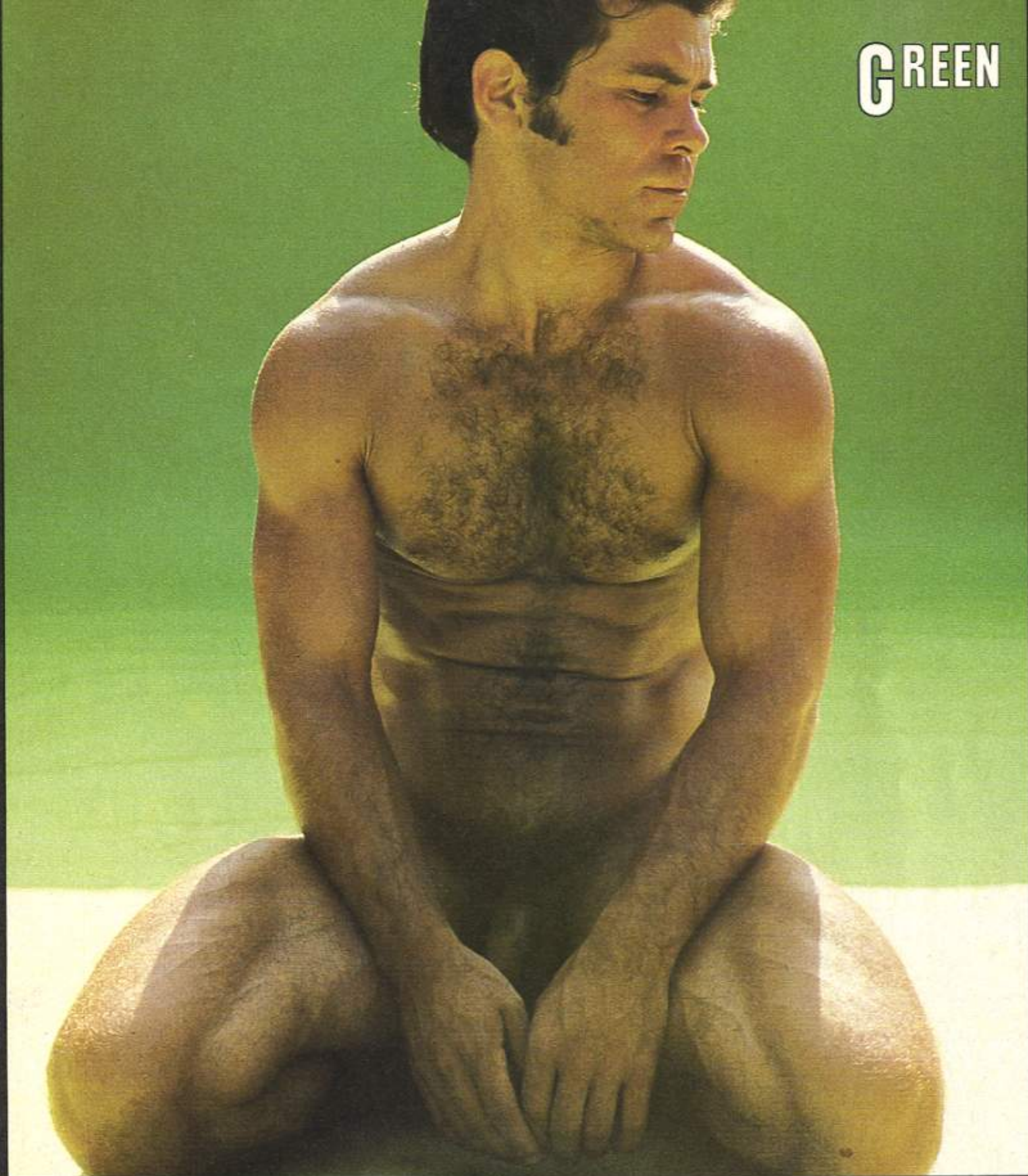
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THE SEXUAL PSYCHOLOGY OF COLOR

Text by PORTER GLASS • Photos by ROY DEAN

Open your closet. Are most of your clothes blue? Then you're a blue person. Green? Then you're a green person. Your favorite color tells a lot about you, according to Dr. Max Lüscher, whose famous color test is a staple of psychological investigation. Perhaps your clothes do not fall into a color unity. Still there are reasons why you will go to a bar in a red shirt (active, aggressive) on one night and a blue shirt (passive, vulnerable) on another. The following are Lüscher's four "psychological primaries"—green, blue, red and yellow—and the mental states they signify.

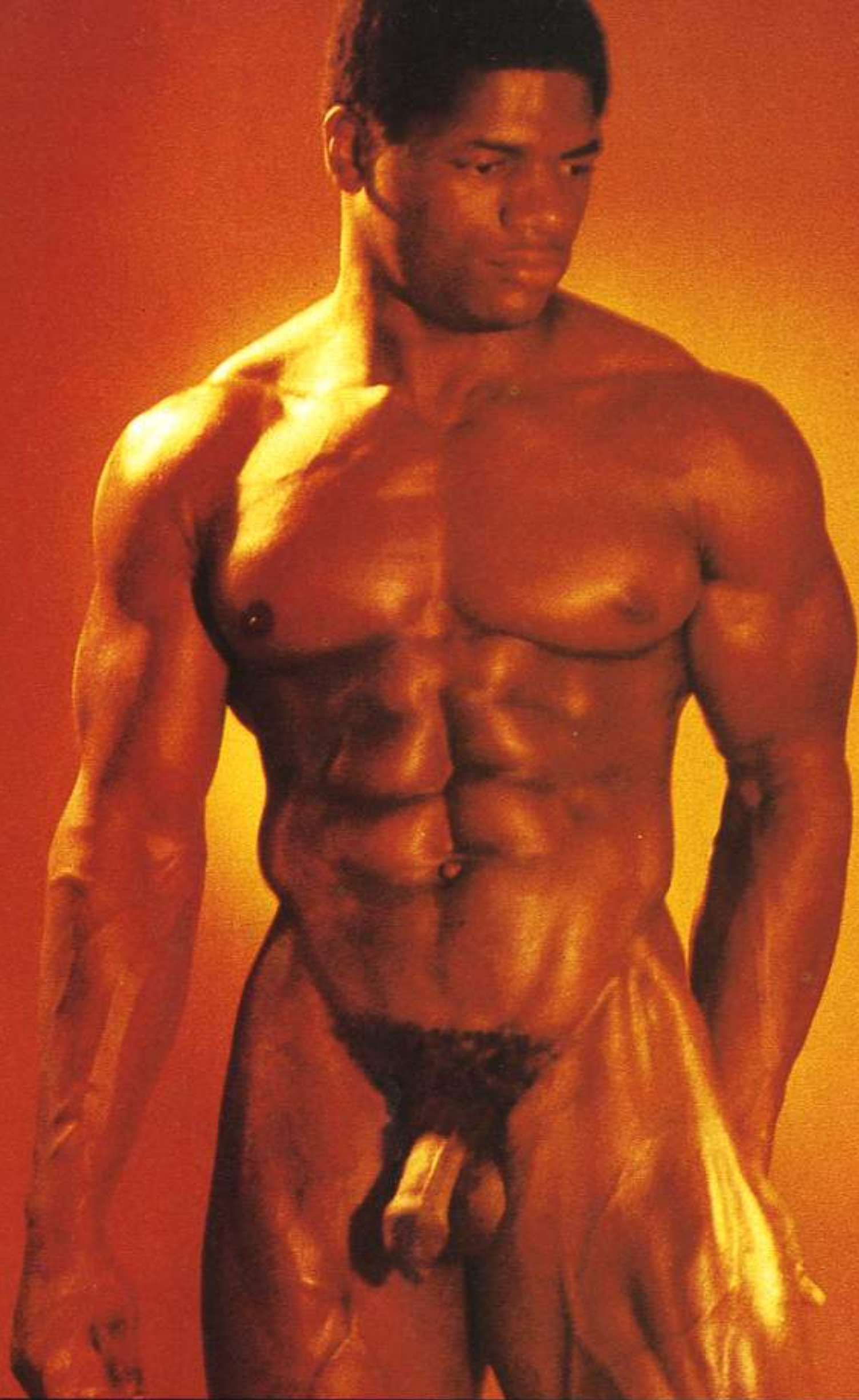


SEXUAL MEANING: Green represents the need to assert oneself. Sexually, a person who favors green will be persistent. Despite obstacles and turn-downs, green feels that by being persistent he is more likely to succeed and thus enhance self-esteem. Green wishes to impress and will go to great lengths—pun intended—to do this. He has a proud and autocratic nature, and even when he is in the passive position, he will most likely be calling the shots.

WEARING GREEN: When you choose to wear a green shirt to a bar, you are giving out a certain signal and can expect to attract certain psychological types. The green insistence on self will be attractive to rebellious adolescents who want to break loose from family. Green's natural resilience is attractive to people who are trying to overcome nervousness in a bar—as well as highly-motivated businessmen who feel overworked. The green person is the perfect complement to the red person. While red is the urge to

seek results and win success, green is the desire to conserve what has been achieved and make it firm. Green is the color of self-preservation and survival.

PICKING UP GREEN: The person who wears green wants to confirm his own sense of self-worth. He may do this by aggressively going after people he feels are idealized types or upwardly mobile. He may be holding on tenaciously to some idealized picture he has of himself—in this case, to pick up such a person, you would have to confirm this picture either by believing it yourself, flattering him along certain lines or by being able to make the picture he has of himself a reality. The wearer of green is proud, wants to impress and is often resistant to change. This is not the boy who will experiment with water sports and advanced piercing but one who is, perhaps, looking for a lover who will put him on a pedestal and see him as representing values that are basic and eternal.

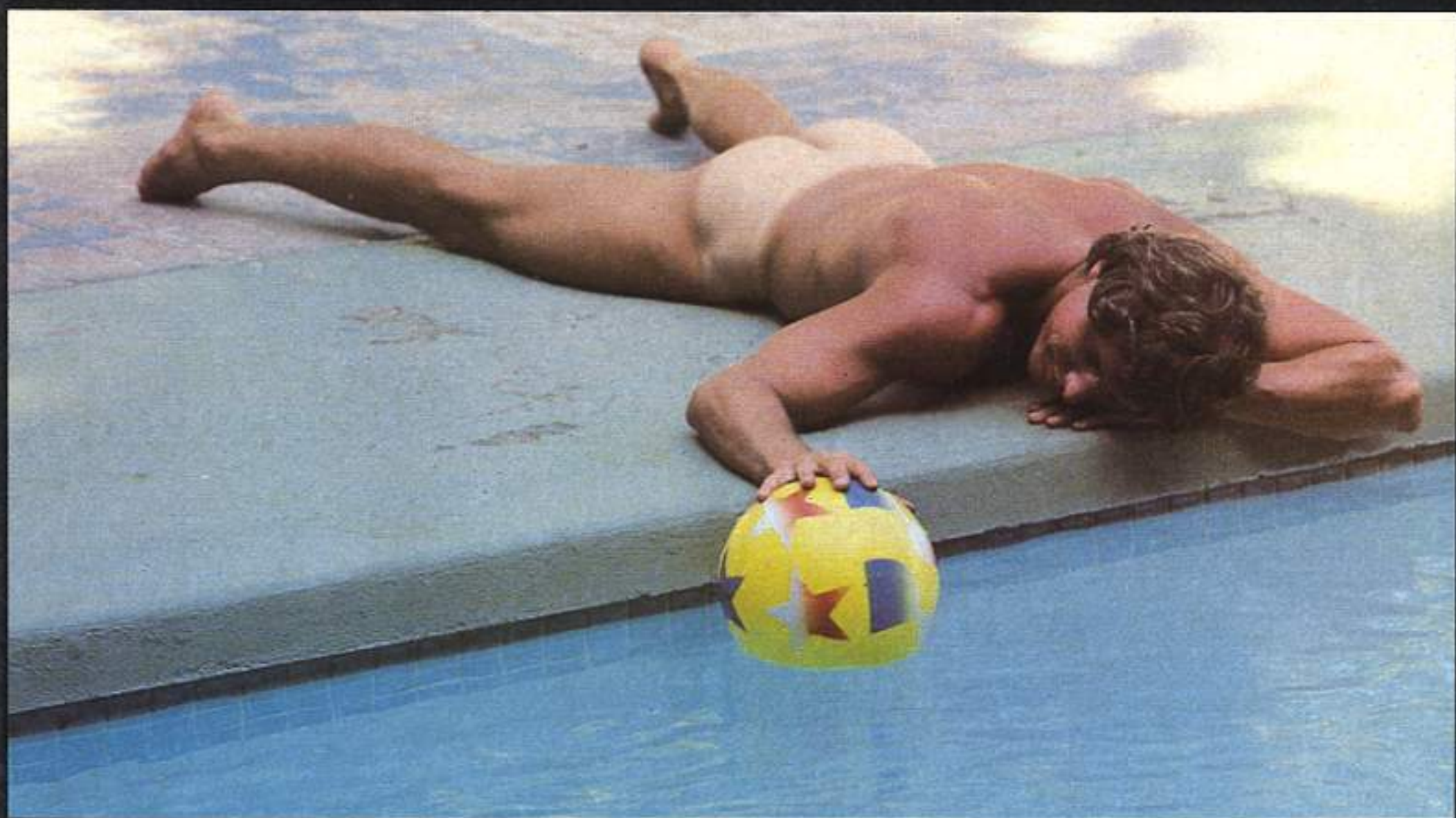


SEXUAL MEANING: Red represents the need to act and succeed. Intensely masculine, red strikes out for conquest, competition and living life to the fullest. More than any other color, red is the signifier of domination and sexuality. When red's desires are under control, he can be a reasonably faithful partner who has an occasional outside fling which amounts to nothing more than an interest in sensual variety. However, out of control, red is overrun by his awesome sexual appetite, near impossible to satisfy as it is coupled with red's egocentricity which compulsively demands conquest, all varieties of human experience and total sexual experimentation. Needless to say, red is the color of the nymphomaniac.

WEARING RED: Red excites the viewer—literally. Studies show that viewing pure red raises blood pressure and speeds up breathing and heartbeat. Red attracts anyone and everyone from quiet

blue people, who may be seeking temporary stimulation, to other volatile reds. Red also attracts "false reds"—impassioned, sexualized people (race car drivers, say, or big game hunters) who are using strenuous activity as a compensation to dull feelings of emotional emptiness, disappointment or isolation. Red is the color of vitality and life.

PICKING UP RED: A good way to pick up red is by wearing red yourself. Otherwise, offer red a tantalizing new pleasure that you suspect he has never tried before—riding a mechanical bull, eating mango ice cream, learning the latest Boy Scout knots to come down from never-sleeping San Francisco. Red needs challenge, is a pushover for competition. Invite him to shoot pool and then play ruthlessly to win. Take him home, cover him and yourself with oil and wrestle on rubber sheets. Red won't let you down. He is the proverbial "hot trick."



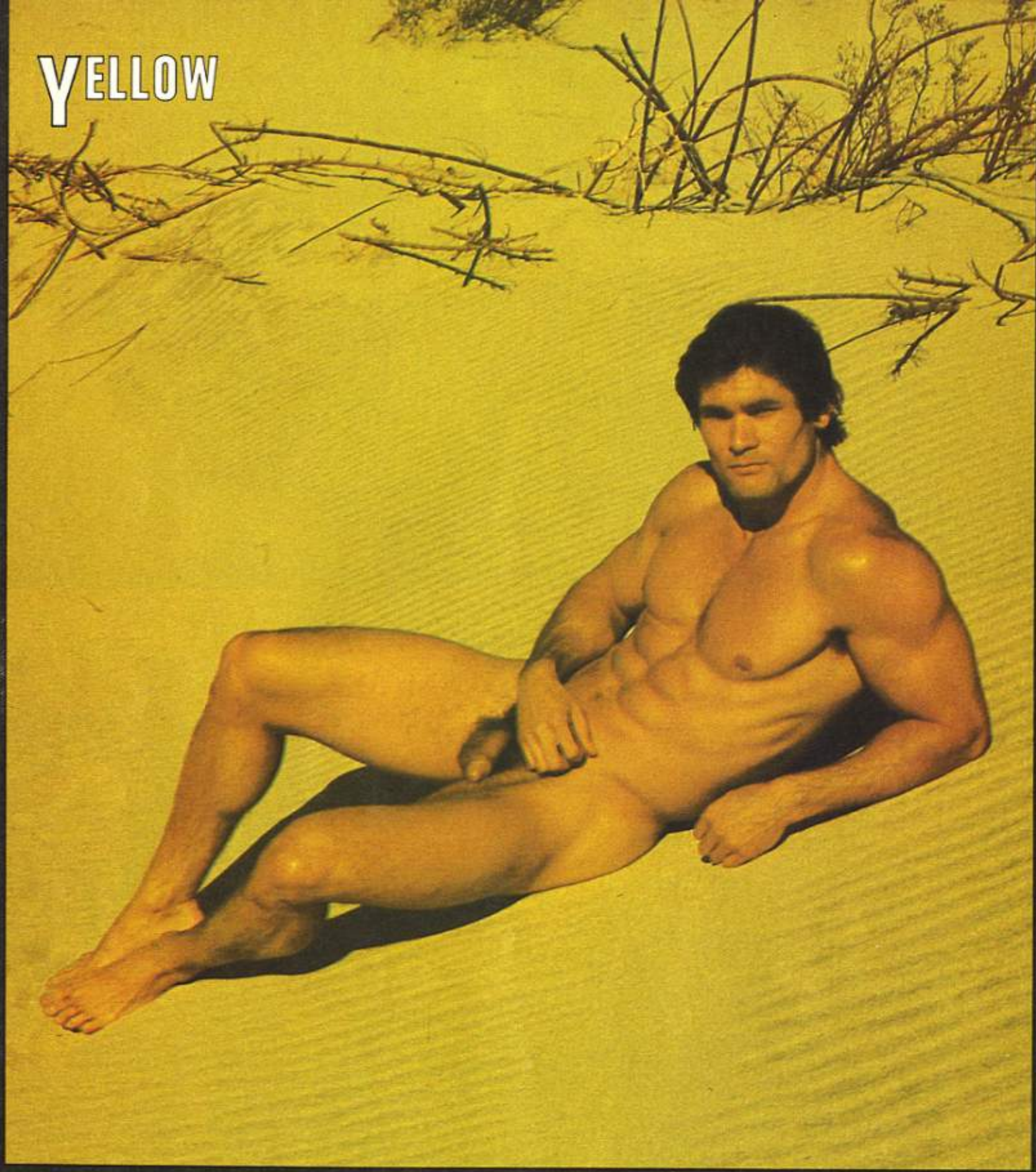
SEXUAL MEANING: Blue represents the need for contentment and affection. It is characterized by depth of feeling and is thus somewhat sexually vulnerable. Unlike red which burns for sex, blue searches for love. Though blue is psychologically attuned to passivity and femininity, it is the color that tradition assigns to boy babies and the one that predominates in most men's closets. This last may be due to the fact that blue is the color of adulthood, the mature desire for a tranquil existence in a manageable world. Blue is sensitive to the erotic, takes much to heart and thinks that life has more to offer him than a series of one-night stands.

WEARING BLUE: The effect of blue on the viewer is the exact opposite of red. Blue calms. Studies show that viewing blue lowers blood pressure and slows down breathing and heartbeat. The serenity of blue may attract to you troubled souls seeking a safe harbor. Blue also attracts a certain type of powerful, businessman-red personality, who may become masochistic and clinging in his over earnest desire for "tranquility." Blues, as a rule, being

more enlightened and at peace than the other colors, tend to read people correctly and pair off with those who are most likely to satisfy their need for affection. Blue is the color of calm, deep waters and of loyalty.

PICKING UP BLUE: An honest, straight-forward approach is the one that blue will most respect—and respect has a high priority for him. Blue's relaxed sensitivity allows him to respond perhaps a bit too generously to the more flamboyant representatives of other colors. He sees the defensiveness of the greens, the desperation of the reds, the escapism of the yellows and so forgives them their excesses and relates to the restless spirits submerged therein. Often he gets hurt because of this. Still he remains tender. Blue is not one for cynicism, bitterness or fashionable aloofness. A word to the wise: when you pick up a blue, handle with care. A trifle boring to some, a little too even keel and content, he may just prove to be the great love of your life.

YELLOW



SEXUAL MEANING: Yellow represents the need to look forward and to aspire. Sexually, yellow is spontaneous and has an original turn of mind that allows him to imagine himself in a myriad of fantasy situations. Yellow is propelled by an almost child-like hope of happiness. This is what he seeks from sex, and he is a great one for sexual adventures, new love oils, new genital gadgets; for philosophies promising enlightenment and contentment; for anything that pushes him toward a sunnier tomorrow. Yellow is full of warmth, but, like the sun, this warmth can be eclipsed by something as dreamy and insubstantial as a cloud, with a restless yellow bestowing his rays upon someone else.

WEARING YELLOW: Lighter and less dense than red, yellow is suggestive rather than dead-on stimulative. Yellow's infectious enthusiasm can attract glum souls searching for a way out of difficulties; often these souls get swept up in yellow's whirlpool of hope and soon turn yellow themselves, giddily clinging to their friend's borrowed dreams. Sometimes yellow attracts certain

blues who are earnestly searching for a higher spirituality and for whom yellow is a source on the latest fads in enlightenment. Yellow also attracts the chronically restless—people who try to divert their attention by constant travel, frequent address changes, new lovers. Yellow is the color of the ephemeral halos that surround visions, of change and of promiscuity.

PICKING UP YELLOW: Yellow tends to be relaxed, uninhibited, expansive—drunk, if you will. In a certain profound sense, he is drunk though he need never take a drop of liquor. Thus, yellow is not all that hard to pick up. Listen to his dreams and aspirations, and then encourage them—for yellow will accept nothing less. He needs a hope-fix constantly. And yet despite the child-like nature of his Crayola-colored dreams, the groundlessness of his bounding enthusiasm, yellow can be a great giver of hope. Some of the greatest works of our time have been written about such characters who, like Blanche Du Bois, touchingly depend on the kindness of strangers.

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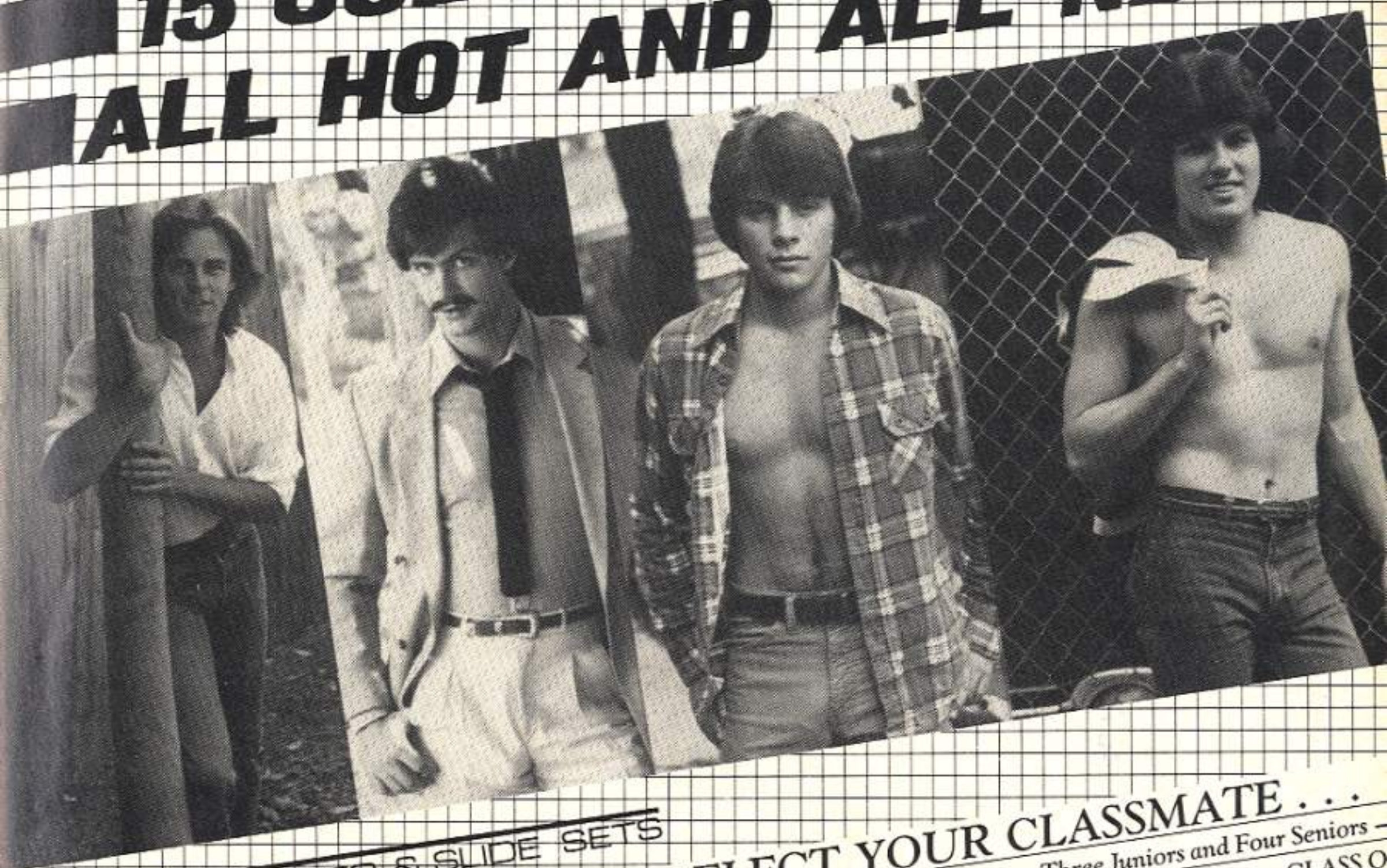


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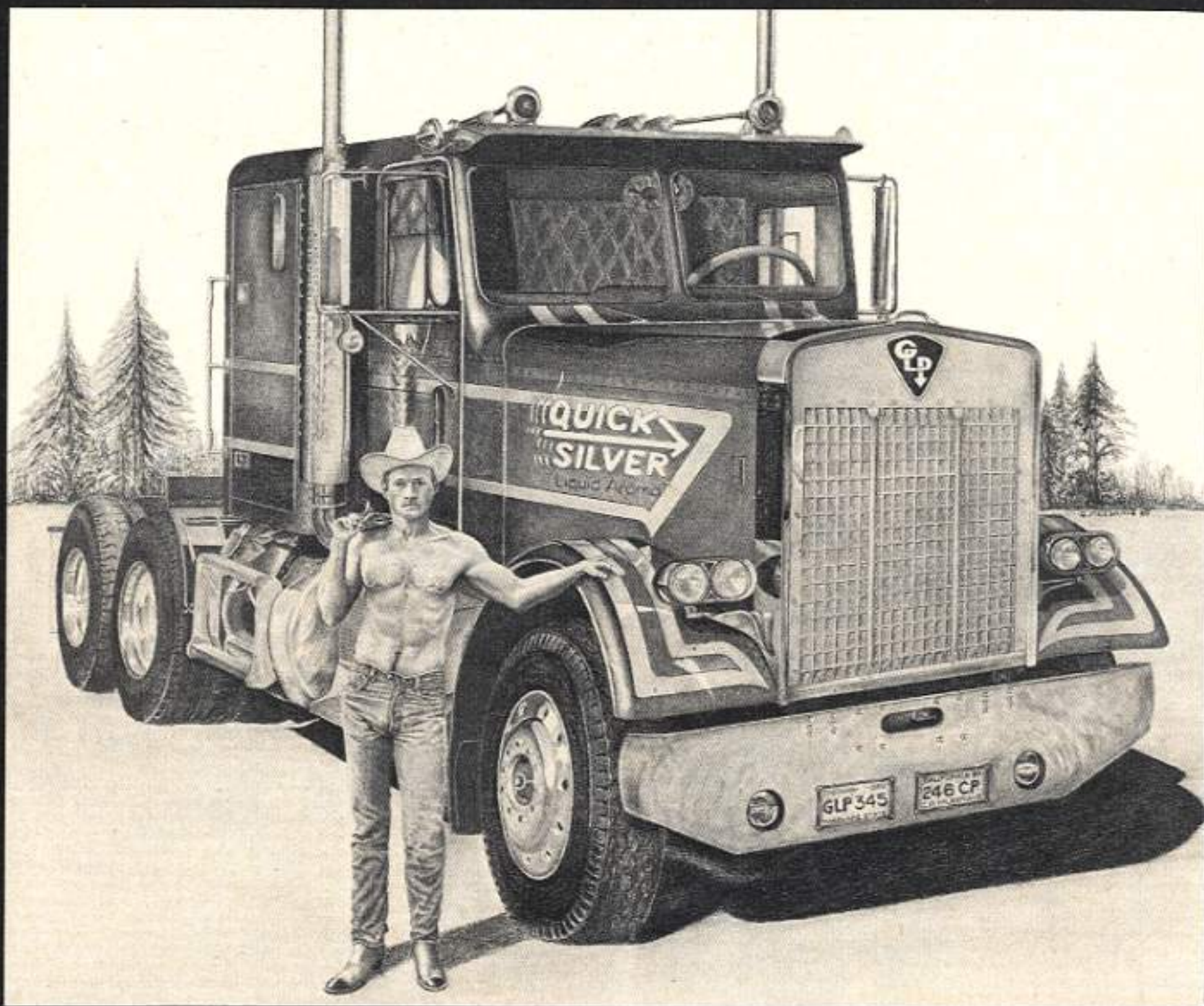
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THE MEN OF

AUSTRALIA

The men of Australia are a wild and varied lot. As fetishy to you Americans as you are to us. To you, we are all Saxon lifeguards with blinding white hair radiating sunlight. Our bodies are big. Our speech salty, as salty and lively as the displaced cockneys, setting out for a new land in one of the Dickens' novels, that we are supposedly descended from. Actually, all of this is true. Every word. Honest, mate. But the men are a wild and varied lot, and the pursuit of them is much like tracking down exotic game. You do not use the same techniques in catching big stags, say, as you do when stalking the dappled leopard.

Come with me to Sydney Harbour, the port of Australia's largest city and a microcosm of the whole continent. Here you will find a randy assortment of surfers, sailors, country boys, city boys, gay barboys—glorious, sun-lit Aussies all.

Text by JIM SAYERS

*Photos by JIM SAYERS, GUY FOCALS STUDIOS,
GERRY COLES & DAVID GODDARD*

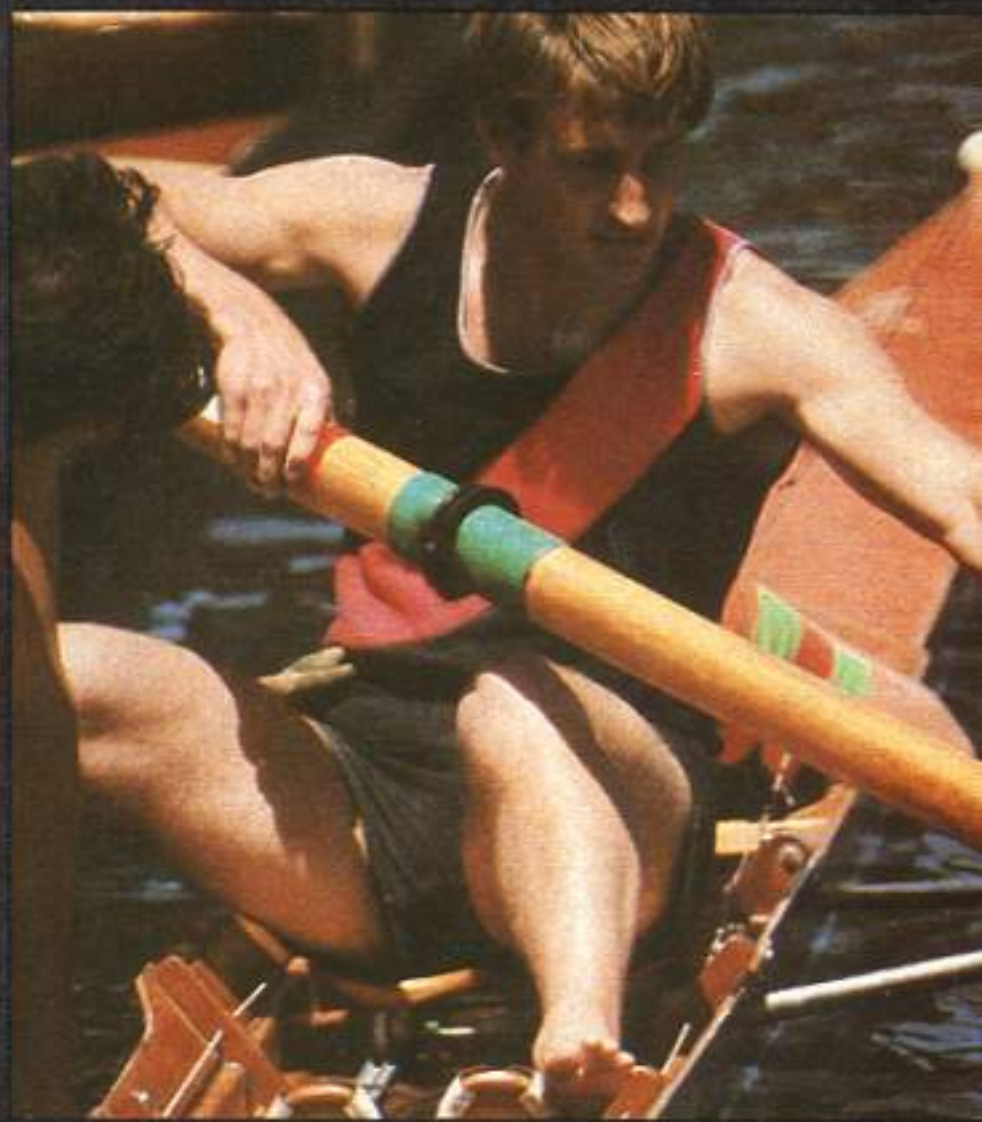




THE AQUATIC MALE

The Aquatic Male or Lifesaver is one of the most elusive, tricky and attractive specimens of the local wildlife. He is seen to best advantage in his beautiful, natural habitat: the ocean beach with its ivory sand, so perfect a backdrop for golden bodies. Bondi, Coogee, Maroubra, Bilgola are the aboriginal names of just four of the beaches strung along the Sydney coastline. Each beach has its own amateur life-saving club, and there are usually some breathtaking specimens of the local Surfs sunning their magnificent parts at the entrances. Other Aquatics can be seen in small canvas enclosures on the beach. These Surfs are on duty as lifesavers and will rescue you free of charge if you are drowning, including, if necessary, the kiss of life. But don't be tempted; there are easier ways to make contact. The Surf is guarded, clannish but ultimately makeable and can be approached and viewed if done so discreetly. Here an American has a slight edge over the local enthusiast. The American is probably blissfully unaware of the taboo on chatting-up Surfs in front of their pals, and the Surf, in his curiosity about that fabled land Southern California, will overlook any "oddness" in your behavior as something to be expected from foreigners. Thus, it should be enviably possible for a straight-looking tourist with an American accent to converse with





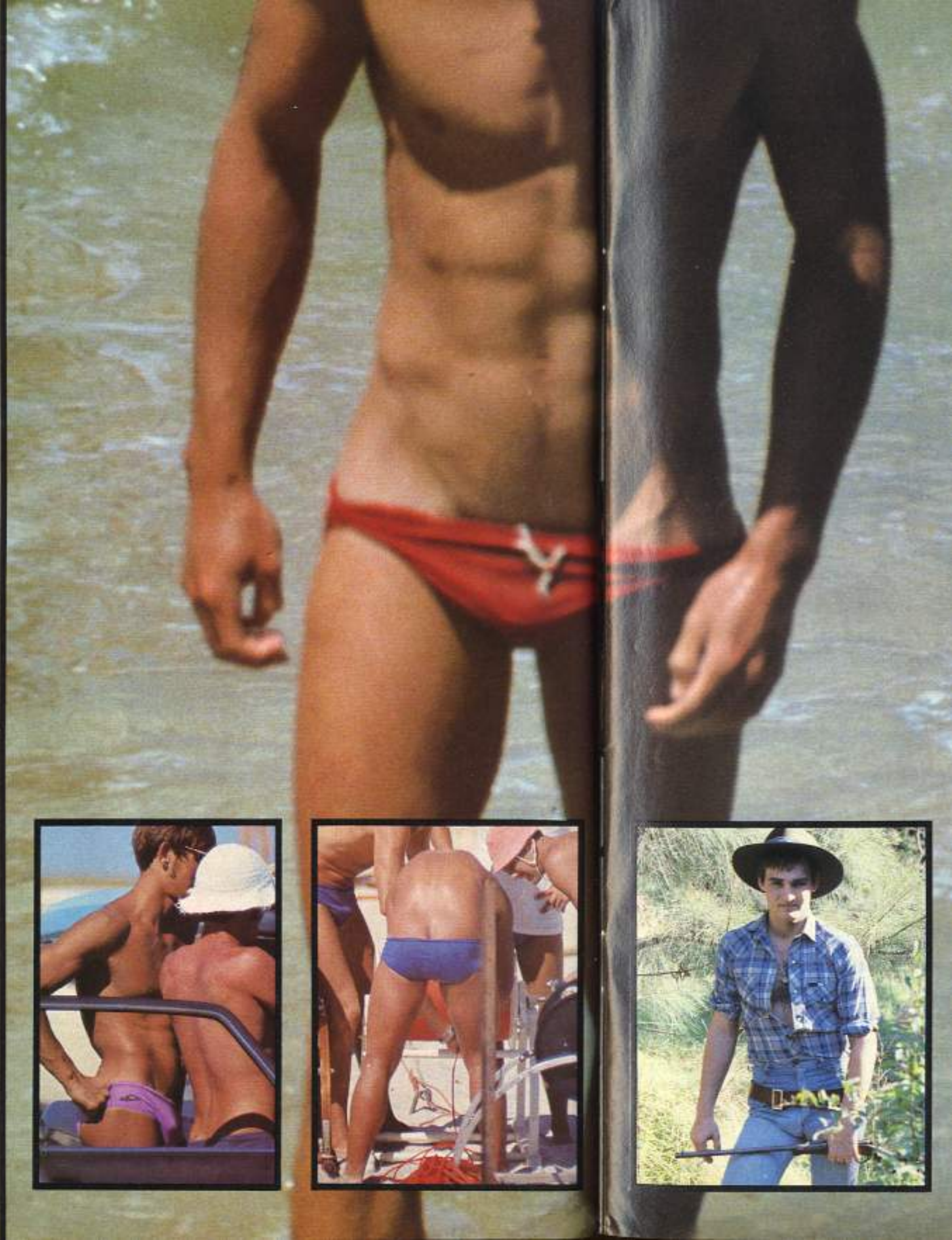
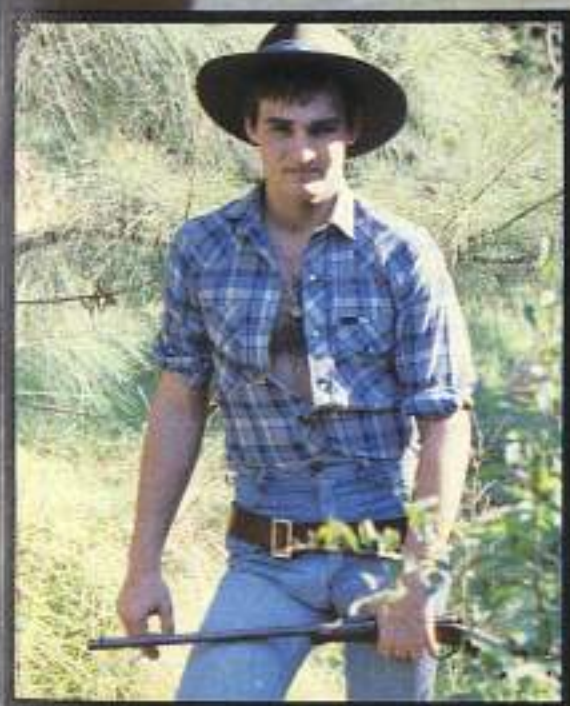
a group of these wild creatures without alarming them.

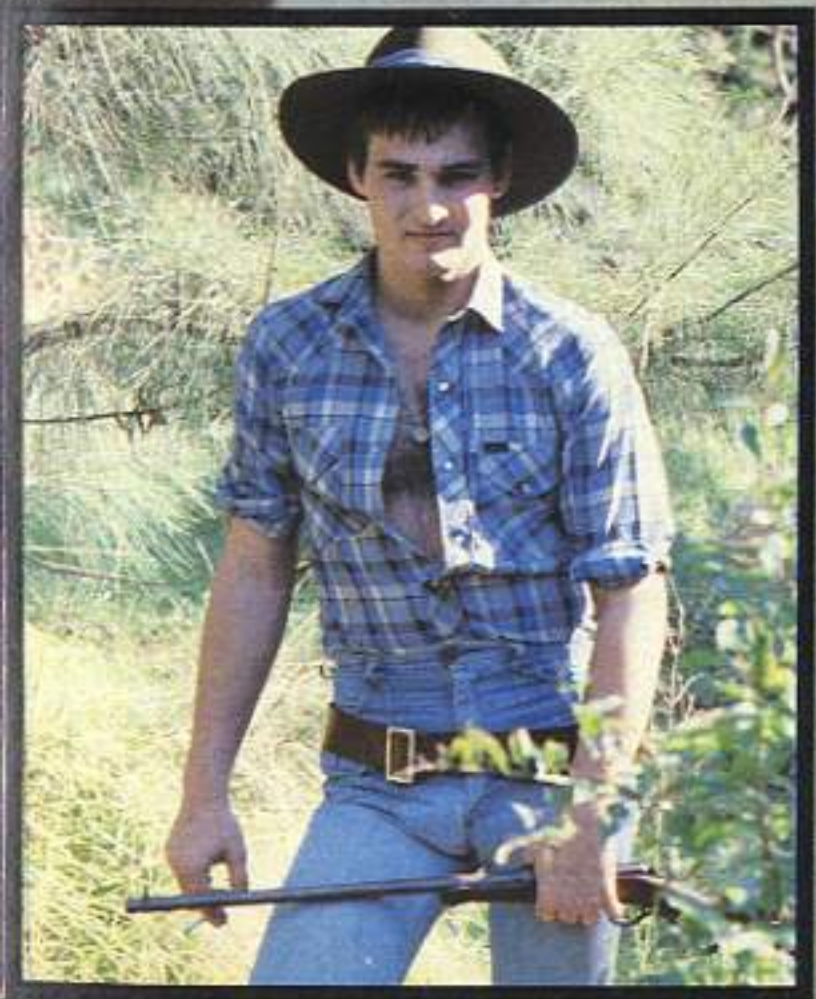
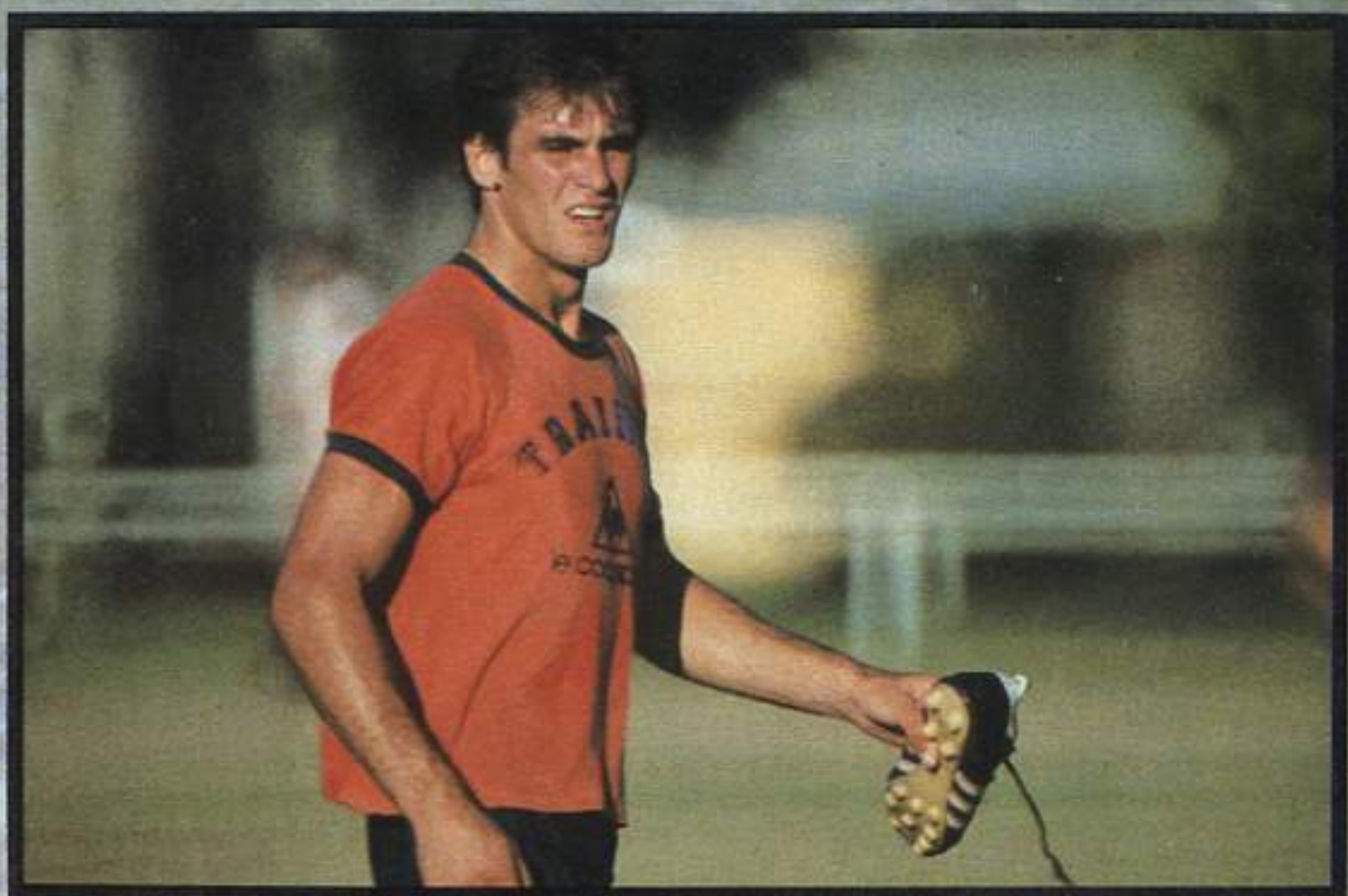
On any beach, there may be one or more **Migratory Surfboard-Riding Surfs**, depending on how the waves are running. This sub-species can be solitary, whereas the Club Surf is strictly a herd animal. But Boardriders are extremely difficult to snare even when alone: They don't need a clubhouse as a refuge. Nor do they need to cluster together for mutual protection. They are almost entirely aquatic during the day, and, out in the middle of the ocean, they are safe from all predators, dammit!

As in Southern California, the Pacific Ocean severely erodes the wintery Anglo-Saxon work ethic. So the Surf spends a lot of time either on or under the waves. Large volumes of salt water get up the nose and into the head. Also, the hot sun, which bleaches his hair, may reach the brain. The effect of this environment is unknown, but Surfs tend to speak in little disconnected phrases and embrace strange cults. Their faces, apart from a slight tendency to peel on the nose, are generally adorable. Their bodies, fed a milk-and-steak diet from birth, exercised every day in the ocean, are commonly perfect. They are meaty, baked a golden brown, lightly coated with salt and ready to eat.

However, capturing one of these gourmet treats is not easy. Shy and self-conscious in front of their pals, Surfs don't like being approached by strangers at all. The best that a dedicated admirer can do—at the beach—is look and maybe take some discreet photographs, preferably with a telephoto lens. It is even difficult for Surfs to get off with each other, especially in the surf clubs. Here, behind a constant barrage of chat on cars, chicks and tits; behind the boasting fuck-lies and similar adolescent rituals; behind it all runs a keen but furtive interest in each other's length, thickness and hairyness. All this variable data is constantly sized up in the showers and dressing rooms of the clubs. But any urge to touch or even look too blatantly is checked by a taboo that punishes one wrong move with great loss of face and endless teasing. So the randy Surf, with an urge for another chap, may turn his back on the forbidden delights of his local club and head for the Floating World, as the Japanese call it. Here is the best place to hunt the shy and nervous Surf, away from his jeering pals.

Floating World, Amusement District, or whatever. In Sydney, it is concentrated in two areas: One has Kings Cross at the head, with Darlinghurst Road/Macleay Street forming the bent spine for a body of side streets, restaurants, bars, and discos. The other area, on either side of Oxford Street, is newer and predominantly gay. Here on Friday and Saturday nights, the women can be counted on the fingers of one hand; not so the pairs and groups of men tripping from one bar to the next in search of liquor, entertainment and love.







The genuine, slightly closeted Surf is far more likely to be in the ambiguous Kings Cross area where most of the girls are. He may be found strolling the street or getting up a little Dutch courage in a singles bar. Tracking him down is by far the hardest part. Once found, he is a push-over. Why? He only comes into town when he can't stand to go another night without a little piece of something. Usually, after one obligatory drink, it is "Off to the Casbah!" or wherever the Huntsman has his cave. There must be no whisper of the purpose behind the abduction. You are both merely going back to the Casbah for another drink, a smoke, or even to listen to records. The ostensible reason is unimportant, any old excuse will do, as long as there is no mention of the delights feverishly pictured in both your minds. Yes, *both*, for behind those wide blue eyes, under that sun-stripped hair, his little brine-soaked mind has it all worked out. It goes something like this: "A dead straight bloke like me self might come up to the Cross to look at the girls, have a few drinks, see what's going on." (In the subconscious, of course, a different song is being sung. Throbbing! Straining! Sucking! Spreading!) "They say there are a terrible lot of poofs here. None of them in Maroubra, thank Goodness. If one laid a hand on me I'd punch him in the mouth. Nice talking to this guy. Nothing much to do. May as well go back to his place." (Panting! Rubbing! Hugging!)

Now comes the sad part. After your trip to Surf City Nirvana is over, the "dead straight bloke" will shower, put on his carefully faded jeans and buzz off back to Maroubra, telling himself that he has been seduced while drunk and stoned. What he cannot do is return to the same man. This would be facing the fact that he is just as gay as his host. To the connoisseur, these healthy, muscular boys are the ultimate tricks. They simmer away in their suburban closets until the pressure gets unbearable, then they stream into town every week or so, bursting with vital juices and enthusiasm. An encounter with one of these sex bombs is a little like becoming hooked on some new and fabulous drug. How then do you return to the gay bar scene? You may as well shoot fish in a barrel.

There is another disadvantage. An affectionate and loving man may never recover from having so many arrows left in his heart by these terrible boys. The fact that they are torturing themselves even more does nothing to ease the pain when they don't ring, don't turn up, don't—won't—even recognize you a week later. So it's ships that pass in the night, *tra la*. Is it worth it? Or is it a form of masochism keener than whips? Still, a lust-crazed Surf is a memorable prize to win in Sydney. Just don't fall in love with him. He'll break your heart in minutes. Better by far would be a nice little sailor. They, at least, have a certain tradition.

THE MATELOT

Down at the Harbour end of Sydney's Amusement District is Garden Island, and what grows best on this island is that flower of young Australian manhood, the enlisted sailor or **Mate**lot. The Garden Island Naval Base is joined to the naughty mainland by a huge drydock, and sailors must battle their way past every type of temptation and sensuous offer as they walk through the wicked streets leading back to their virtuous island base. If their mothers knew all this, I'm sure they would insist their boys join the Army.

Some Matelots don't battle too fiercely—in fact, they dawdle. Some dance and drink with girls at discos like Chevron and Texas Tavern. Others drink quietly with their pals at select bars. But some do drift into Fitzroy Park or the Rex Hotel. Both are steamy beats where it is not so much in the trapping as in having the lightening reflexes to get to the quarry first. Many a bow has been broken and spear snapped in the stampede to capture one of these marine delicacies.

A way to avoid the elbow jostling in the Rex and Fitzroy Park is to employ the traditional method known as "Coursing," that is, actually chasing the game down Macleay Street to the base. Some sports do this from an automobile, offering the fast-moving Matelot a lift, even in sight of

the dockyard gates. Others lurk in doorways with offers of joints or beer.

The most skillful and famous hunter of all time is a legend even in the Navy. He does it on foot with all the skill of a cheetah running down an agile buck. To watch him is to see poetry in motion. From zero to 60, he speeds after the fast-moving quarry and chats him up without even breaking step. Often the Matelot escapes back to base; sometimes he doesn't. The best approach and escape were carried out in two brief sentences, here reproduced exactly:

"Got a match, sailor?"

"No. And I don't want m'cock sucked either."

The sequel was that they both fell about laughing at this bit of repartee, had a drink together, and parted amicably. That is how relaxed the Navy can be.

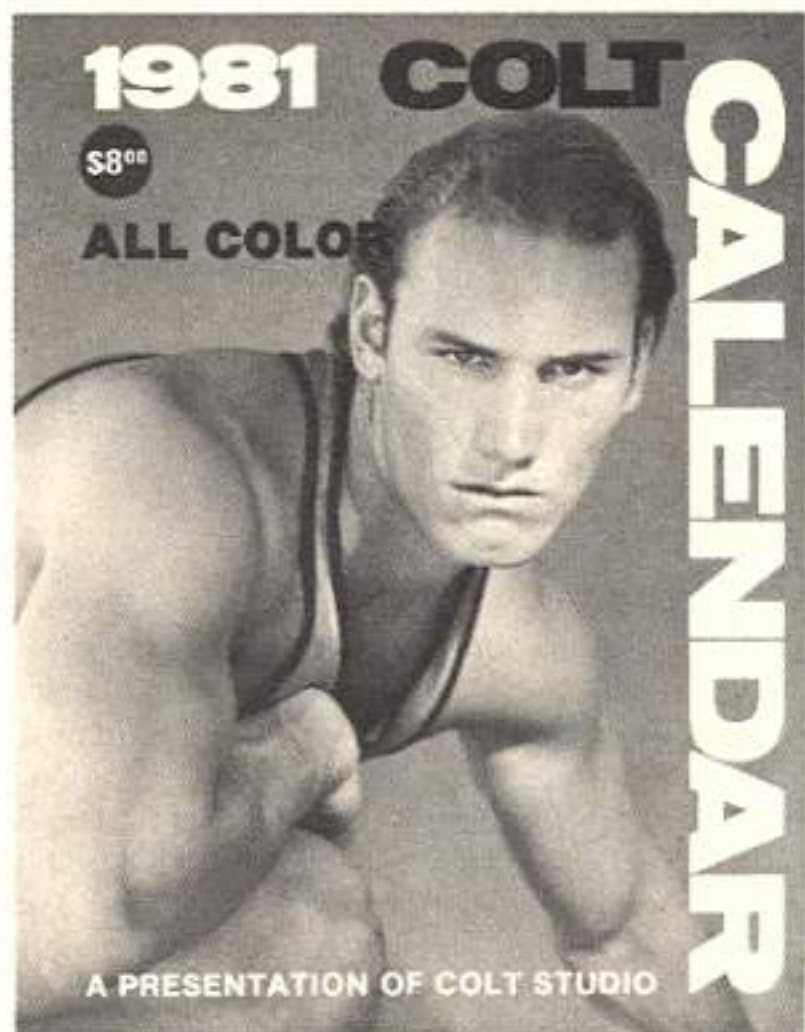
Spotting your prey before the other carnivores is your most valuable advantage. This used to be simple in the halcyon days when all Matelots were coloured blue and white, on leave as well as on duty. Now you check the hair first; this has to be cut to regulation length. Apart from their shortish hair and a certain clean-cut wholesomeness, there is nothing to distinguish young Matelots from their contemporaries, the drab **Suburban Workers** who migrate into the Amusement District from the outermost suburbs at dusk and turn their pay packets into beer or put

soap flakes into the Alamein Fountain, a prank the working boys consider startlingly original and irresistibly funny even though some one of them does it every week-end. The mimicry by the Matelot of the **Suburban Worker** is sexual. It is intended to deceive the **Female Worker**, who sometimes ventures into the area with a girl friend. These girls are somewhat wary of young Matelots, rightly considering them flighty, unreliable, reckless—all the traits the male hunter finds fetching.

The boys who join the Navy are free-wheeling, masculine spirits. They dread the hum-drum, mindless jobs that society would thrust upon them. They have a gut feeling that life has more to offer a good-looking 18-year-old than eight hours a day in some grotty factory. Not knowing any other escape route, they plump for the Navy. Here they learn all sorts of old-fashioned virtues: self-respect, loyalty to their mates, above all, tolerance for each other's foibles. Here's an example:

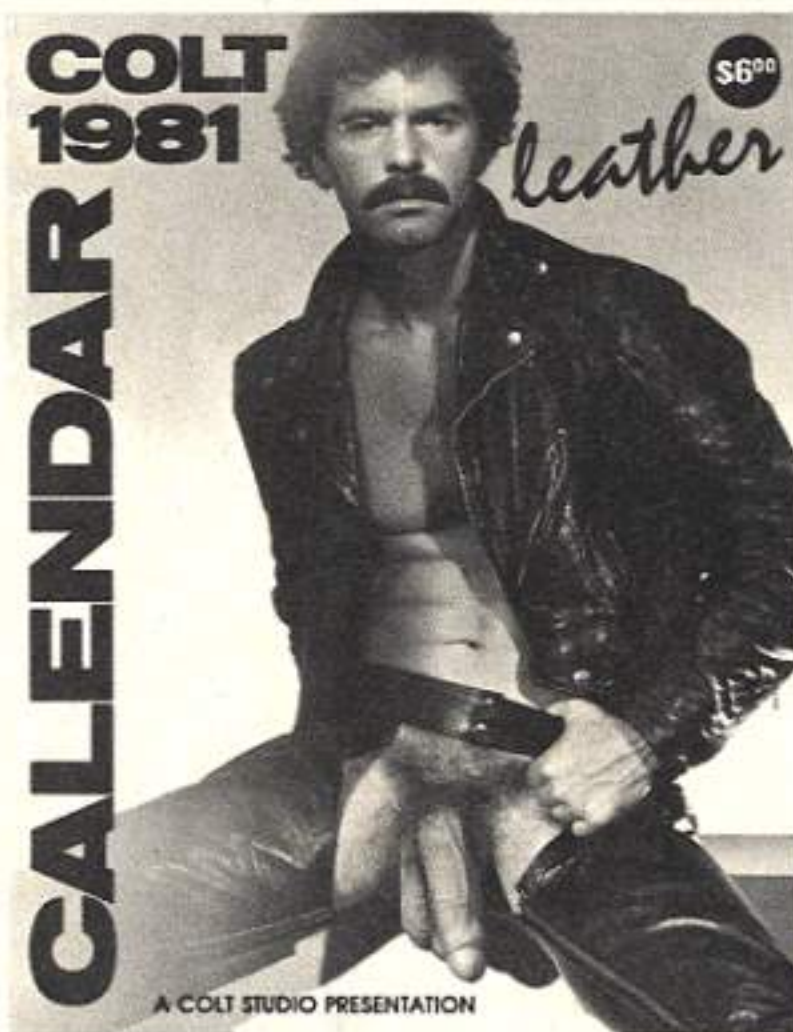
I once fell heavily in love with one of the most stunning blond boys ever to grace the deck of a destroyer. We hit it off right from the start. He laughed at my jokes; I was enchanted by his jolly personality. My friends were beside themselves with lust and envy. As you know, this is never hard to bear. There was only one tiny cloud in this halcyon sky. He really, really preferred fucking girls. Being brainy as well as beautiful and wanting to please me short of

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that fate worse than death, he used to bring a mate from the ship when he came on leave. The mate was always my idea of heaven, second choice. Blond also, masculine also, but a bit dim and didn't mind being knocked off. Sometimes I copped it up the bum, but I always got my end in at some stage. I was intrigued. I asked him, "They all let me fuck them. They are totally masculine. I would never bet on any one of them going to bed with a man. How do you pick the ones that will come across?" He gave me an adorable and mischievous smile. "Well mate. When you live in a mess deck with eight other blokes, at sea for months, there's not too much you don't know about each other."

The mystery remains however. Do they or do they not get off with each other? Nobody will talk. I personally, hope they don't, because (a) it seems sort of incestuous and (b) there would be less for us land-lubbers if they did.

With the general sexual liberation of the 70's, the Navy became even more outrageous. Cruising down lower Macleay Street one night in my car, I spotted what looked like a matelot, drunk as a lord and twined lovingly around a lamp post. Now Macleay Street is an obstacle course sailors have to run to get back to Garden Island. Most return in pairs or in a cab, thus avoiding the sordid propositions made to them by the Trapper Dams lying in wait at every turn. A sailor alone, static and slightly pissed (drunk, in Australia) might as well have a flashing neon tally (hat ribbon) saying H.M.A.S. Available! Quickly double-parking, I leapt out of the car, my eyes darting about like a ferret's, watching for other hunters closing in. Miracle! I'd spotted him first. "You all right mate?" I said, oozing phony solicitude. We chatted. I trotted out a 1960's-type line, "I was looking up a girl friend who lives down here."

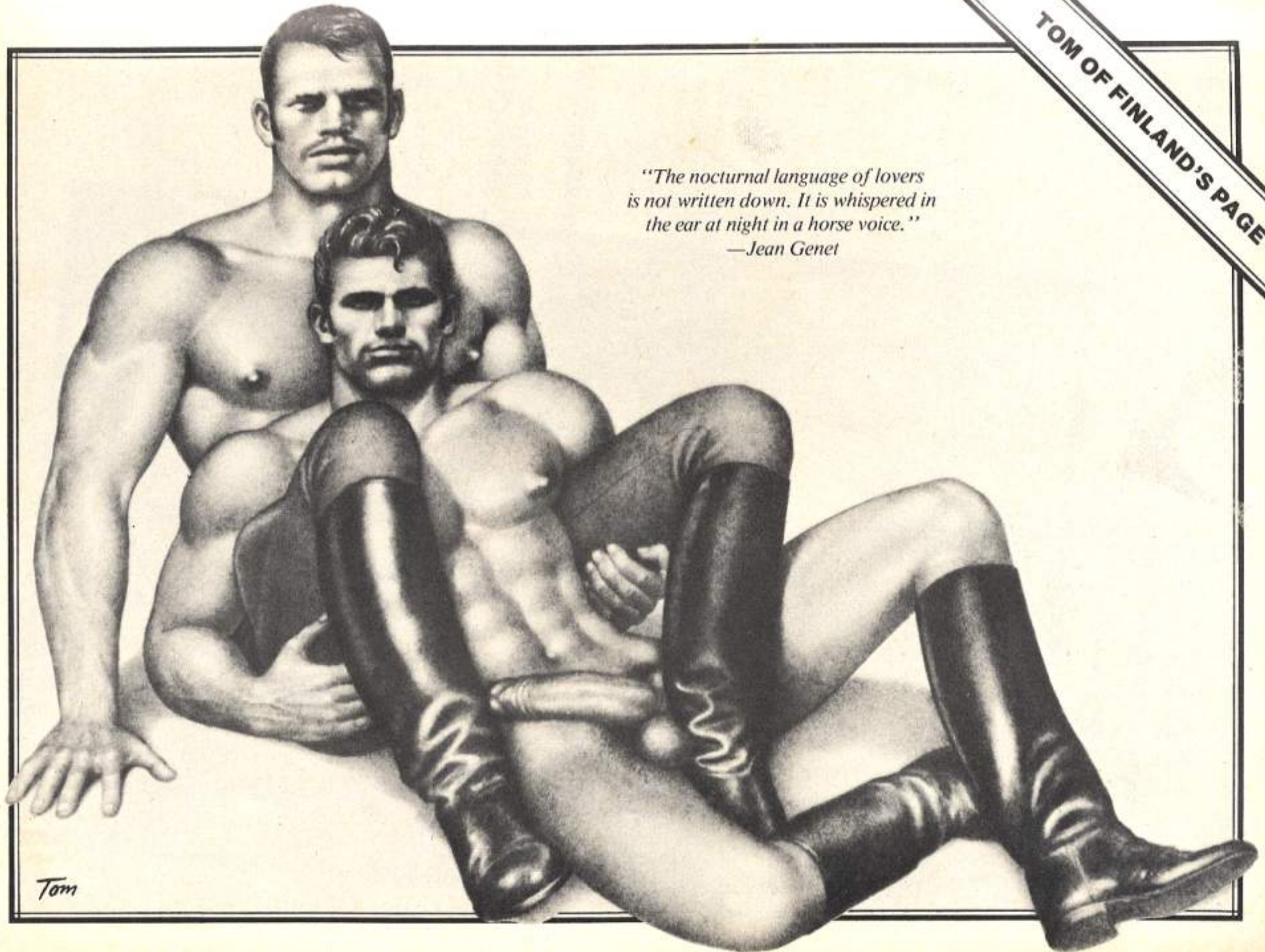
He gave me a cynical leer. "You mean a boy friend don't you." (It's one thing when they're brazen, it's another when they're accurate!) He added, "Well. Aren't you going to ask me home for a head job?"

I spluttered like an old whore who had broken the elastic in her knickers. "Well, yes... I suppose I am."

Once there was an orderly courting procedure. It's all gone now. They'll be groping us in the streets next! The very young ones are not quite so shameless. They usually respond to an invitation home for a joint, then loll back and get a hard-on before your very eyes, and the joint not even finished. Cheeky! But only when they are alone and feeling like a fella. Two or more are likely to shout rude words like "Poof-ter!" and embarrass the more stately hunter into dropping his net and spear and heading for the undergrowth. It is still an art that most Australian bar-types have not mastered. Like skydiving, tightrope walking or hang gliding, it is exhilarating but risky. Not for the inexperienced, leather costume notwithstanding.

(Continued on page 80)

*"The nocturnal language of lovers
is not written down. It is whispered in
the ear at night in a horse voice."
—Jean Genet*



Tom

REGGIE

He's a lifesaver

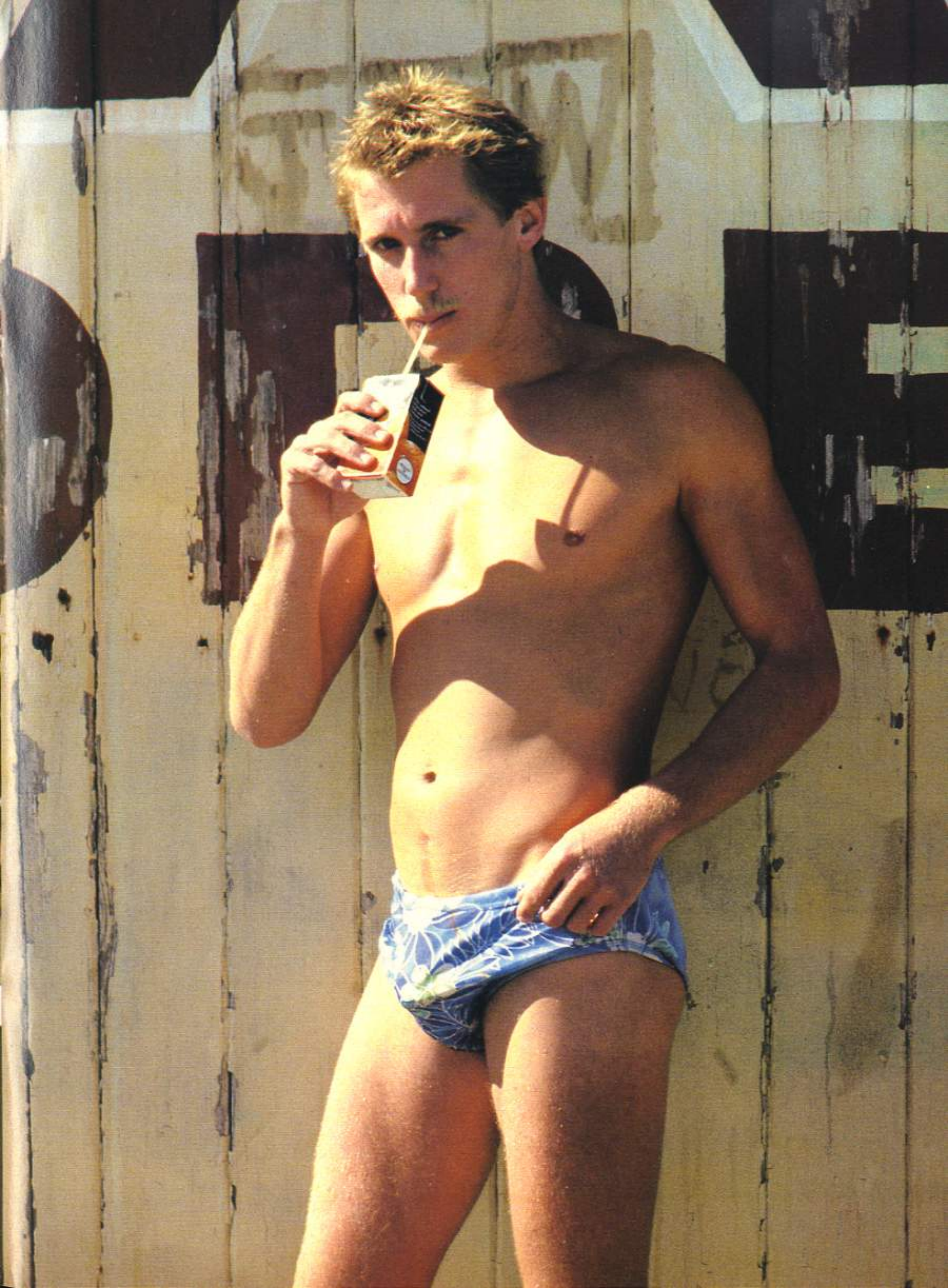
Reggie Church, one of our Men of Australia (see page 31) has the sort of aquatic body that looks like he went into the sea one day

and just stood there until he had been completely sculpted by the waves. Actually, this is not far from the truth. Reggie, a Sydney boy, joined the lifesaving club at Coogee Beach when he was 14. At 16, he had become something of a local hero and got his face in the papers by saving the son of the Japanese ambassador, a sturdy surfer two years Reggie's senior, who had been swept under by such a brutal rip-tide that he was knocked unconscious.

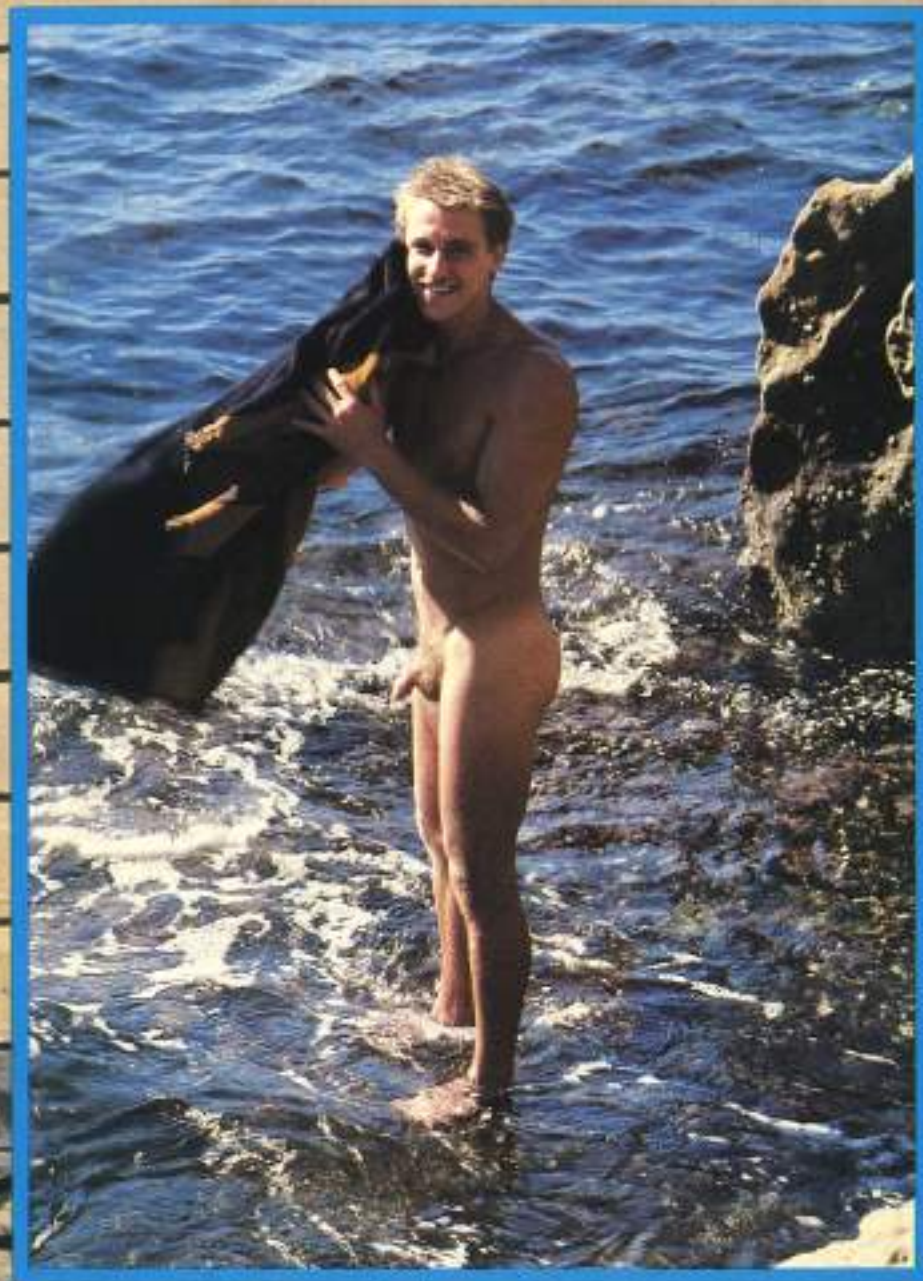
"The Pacific Ocean is still wild," says Reggie, now 22. "This whole part of the earth seems younger than the rest. Nature is rawer. We have earthquakes, monsoons, the Ring of Fire." And active volcanoes like Reggie Church.

**Photos by
JIM SAYERS**



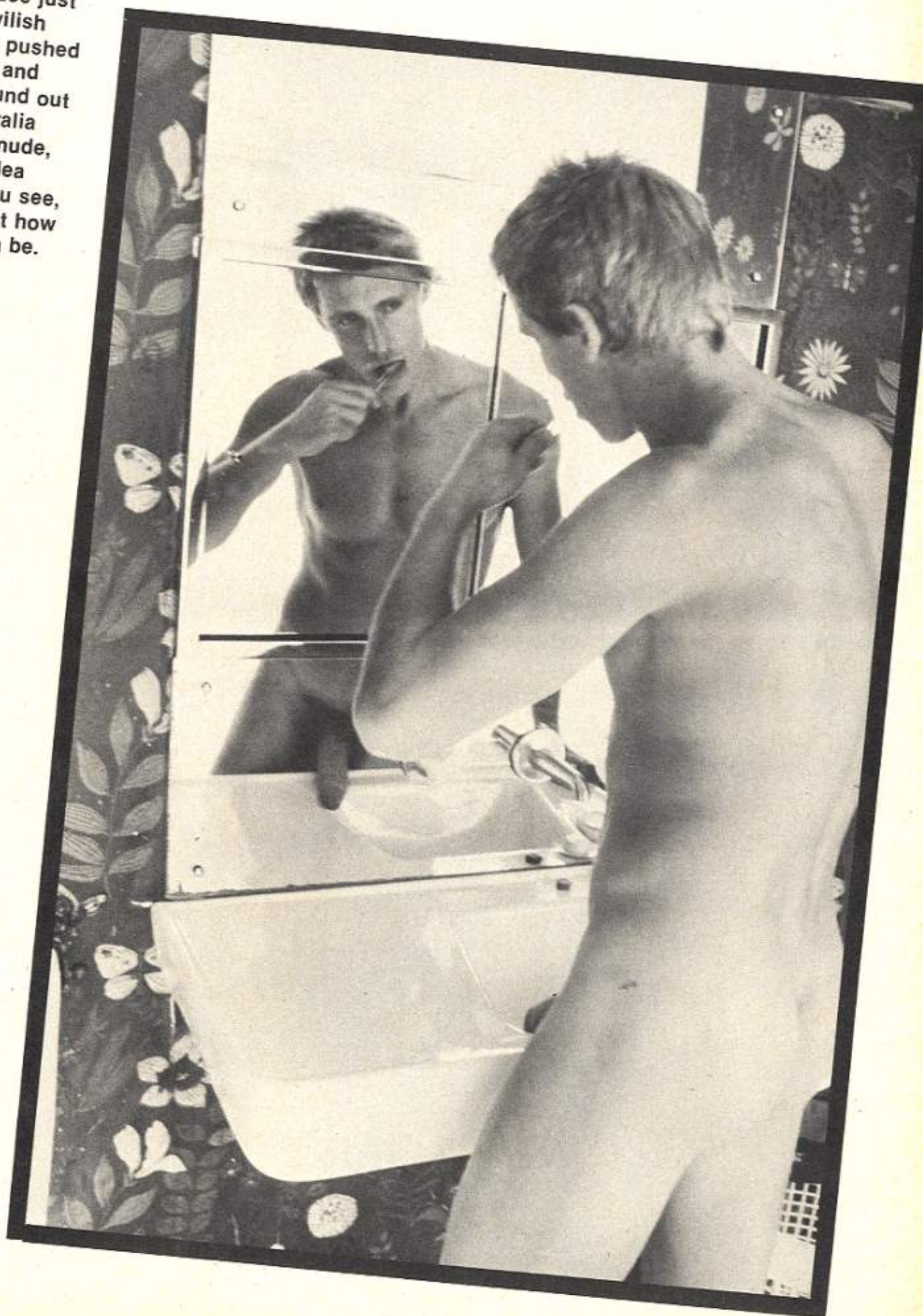


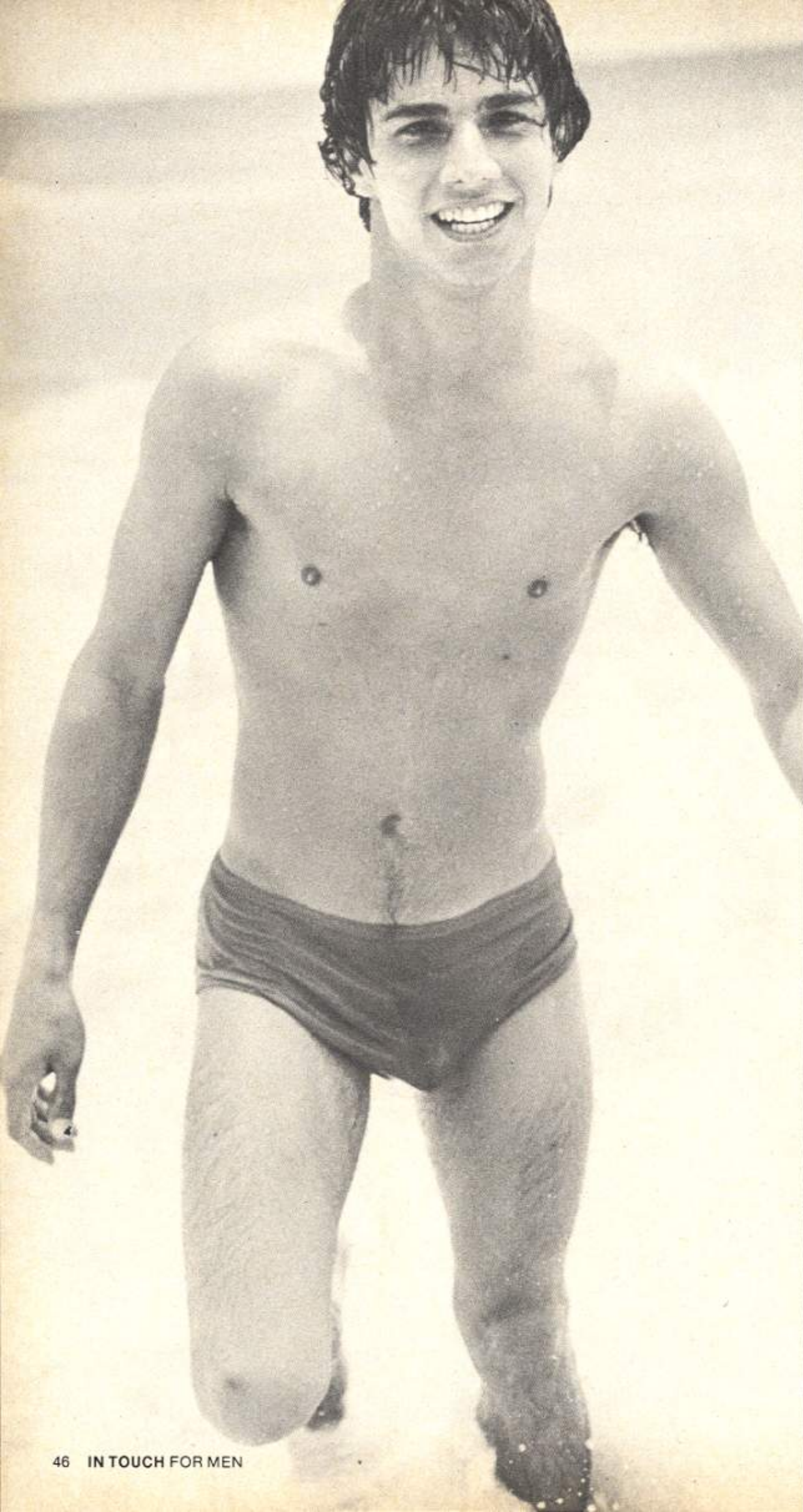
OFFENDERS WILL BE PROS





Australians don't have the same hangups as Americans and Europeans. When we told Reggie we were interviewing him for a gay magazine, his face just lit up with a devilish smile. When we pushed it a little further and asked him to round out our Men-of-Australia issue by posing nude, he thought the idea "glorious." As you see, he showed us just how glorious glory can be.





MARLO

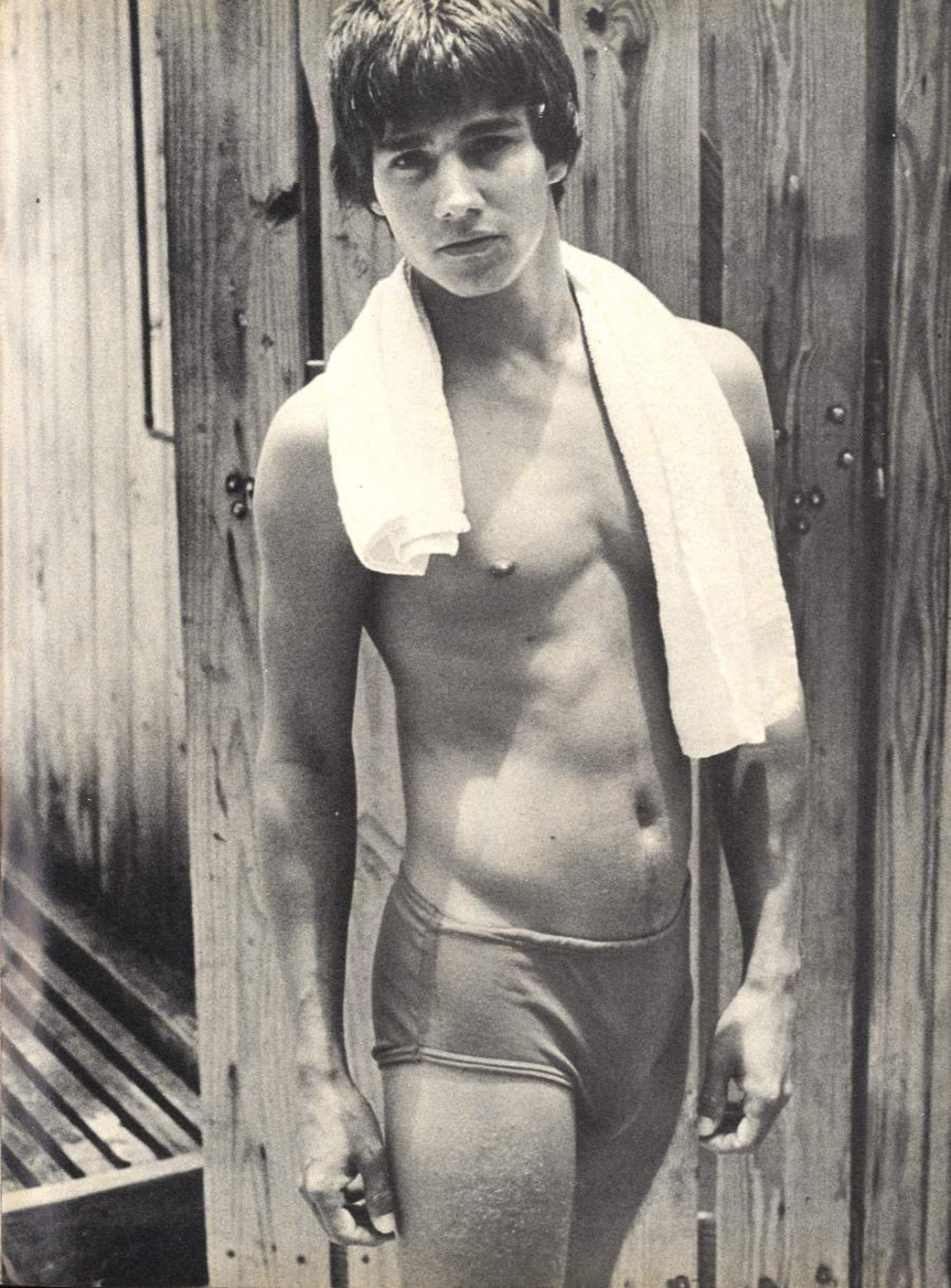
*He makes
you catch
your breath*

He is beautiful.

That is all we know about him, but all we need to know. He is 18, somewhere in Puerto Rico, and we envy the man who took these pictures. This boy just wants to be known by his first name. But then we don't have a last name on the Mona Lisa either.

Look at the sincerity in that smile. The simple truth in those eyes. And his face . . . his face is just the beginning.

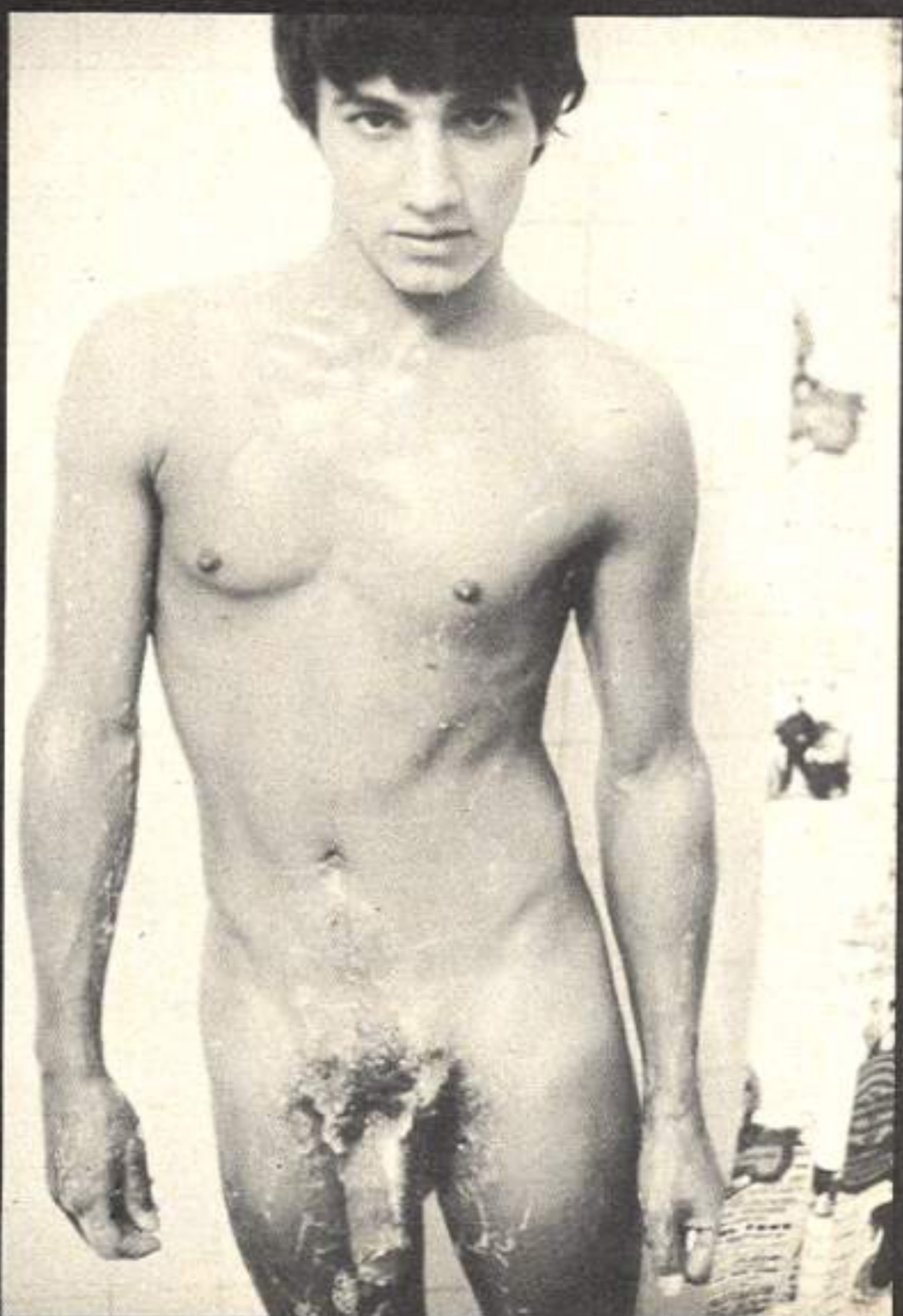
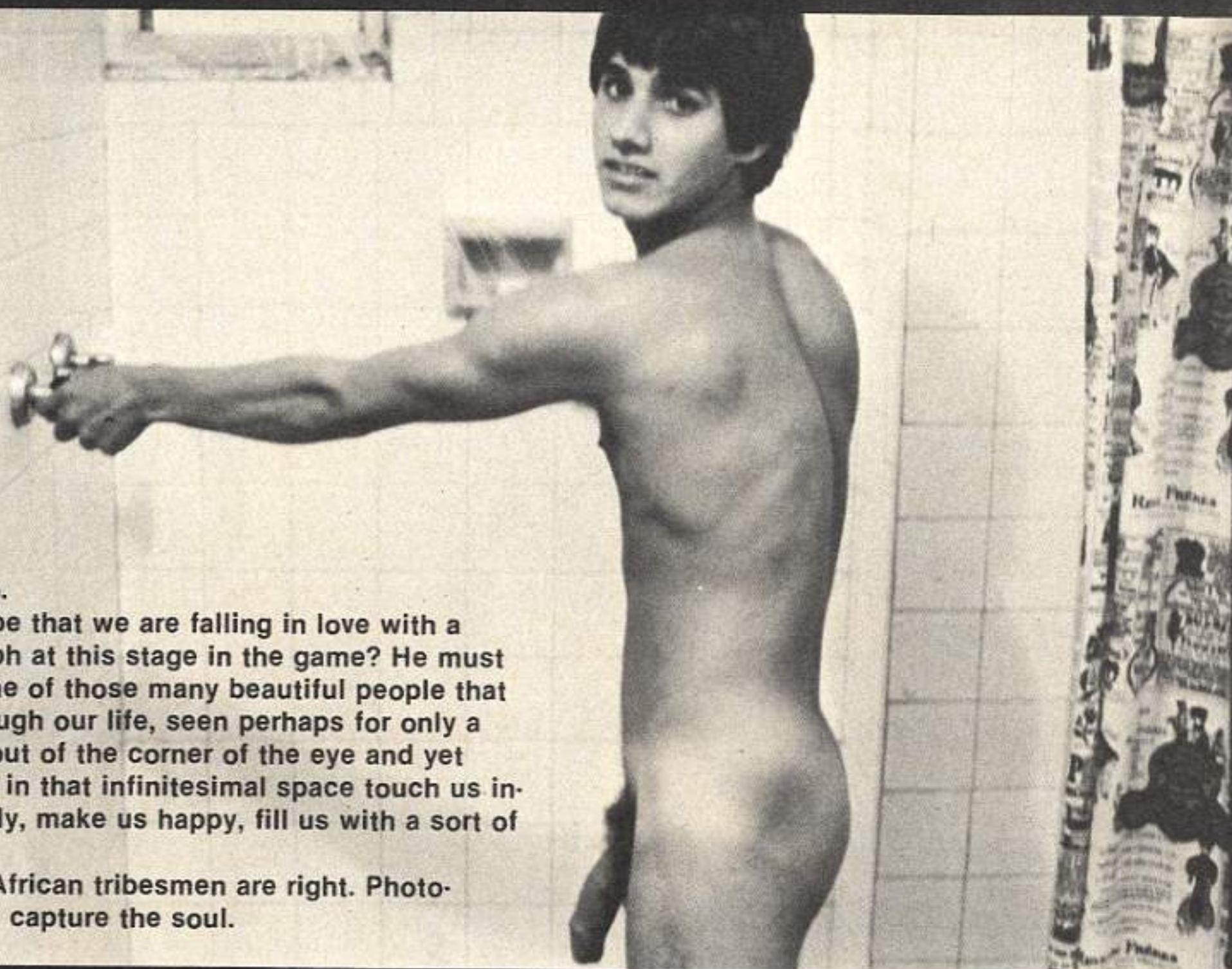
*Photos by
ESMERALDO BAIRE*



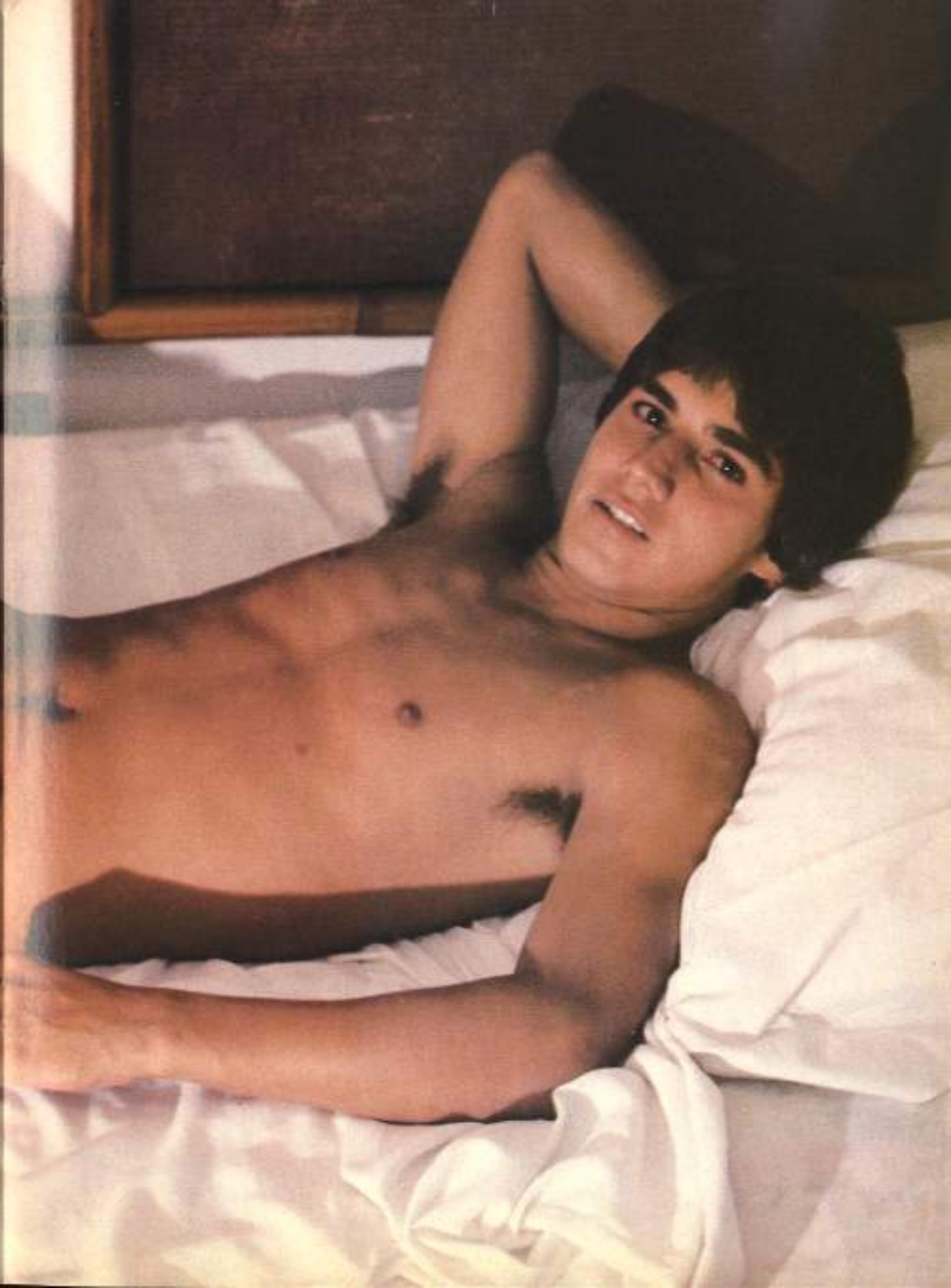
Ah, Marlo.

Can it be that we are falling in love with a photograph at this stage in the game? He must remain one of those many beautiful people that pass through our life, seen perhaps for only a moment out of the corner of the eye and yet somehow in that infinitesimal space touch us inexplicably, make us happy, fill us with a sort of grace.

Those African tribesmen are right. Photographs do capture the soul.







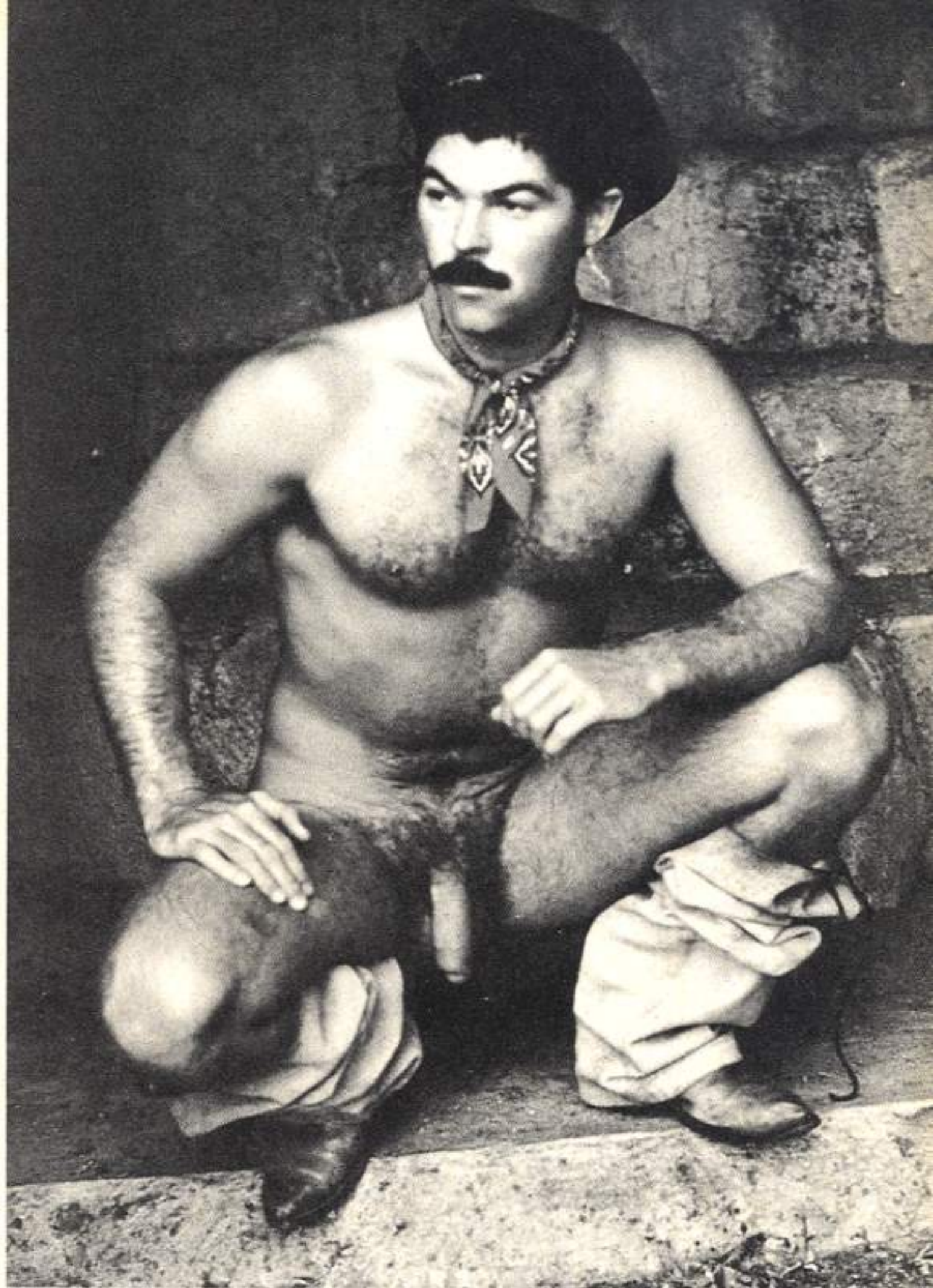
JACK

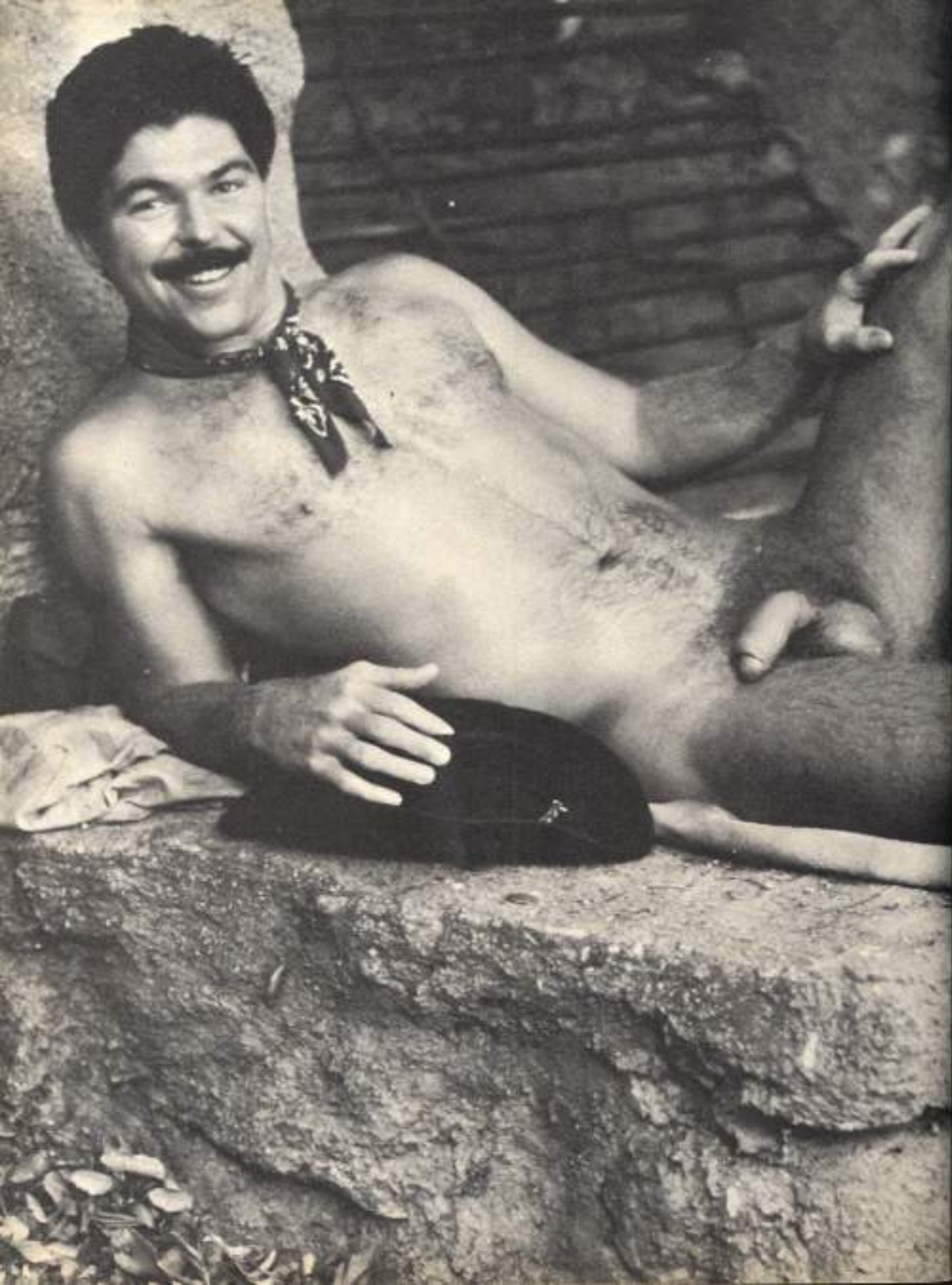
*He posed naked
for the hell of it.*

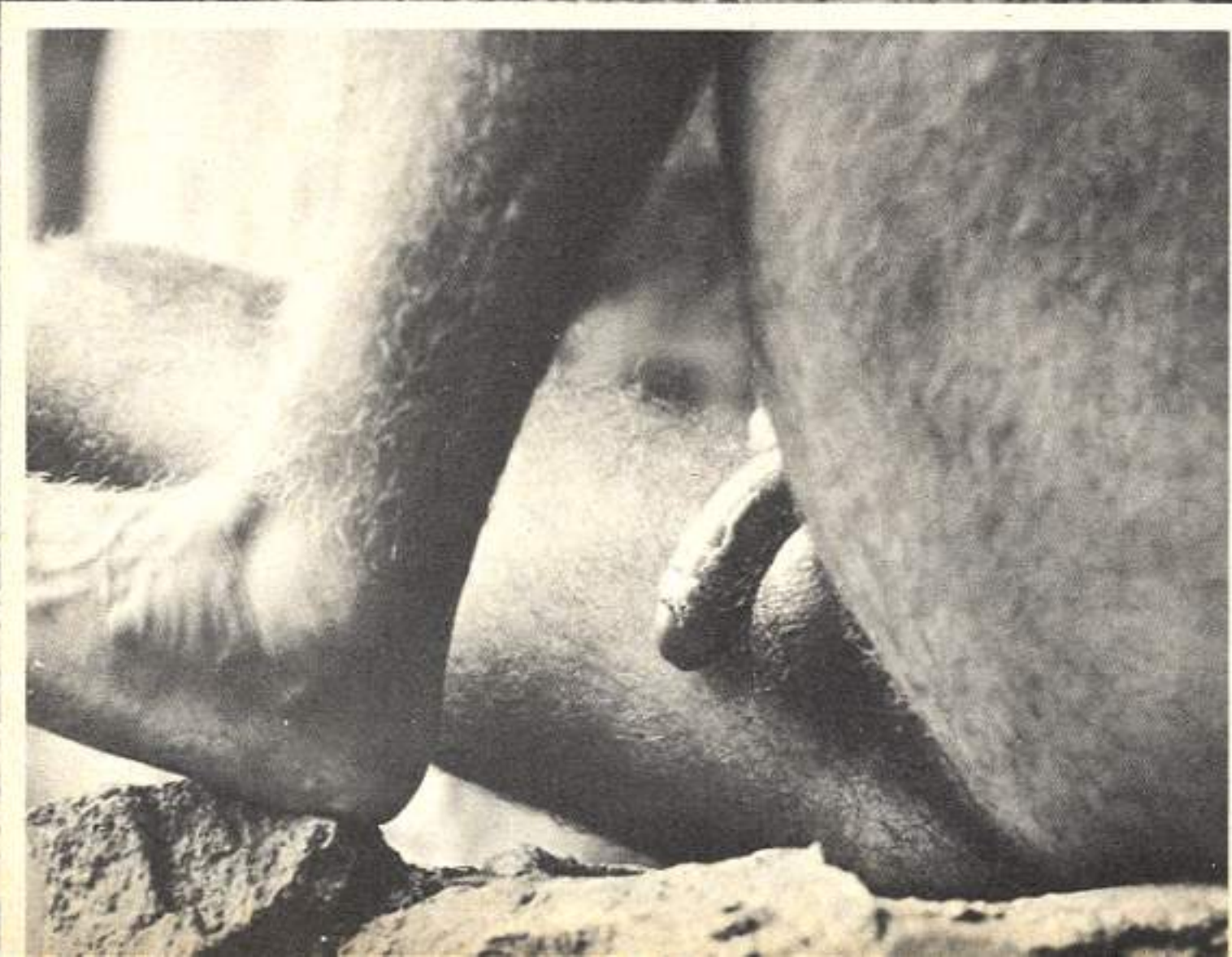
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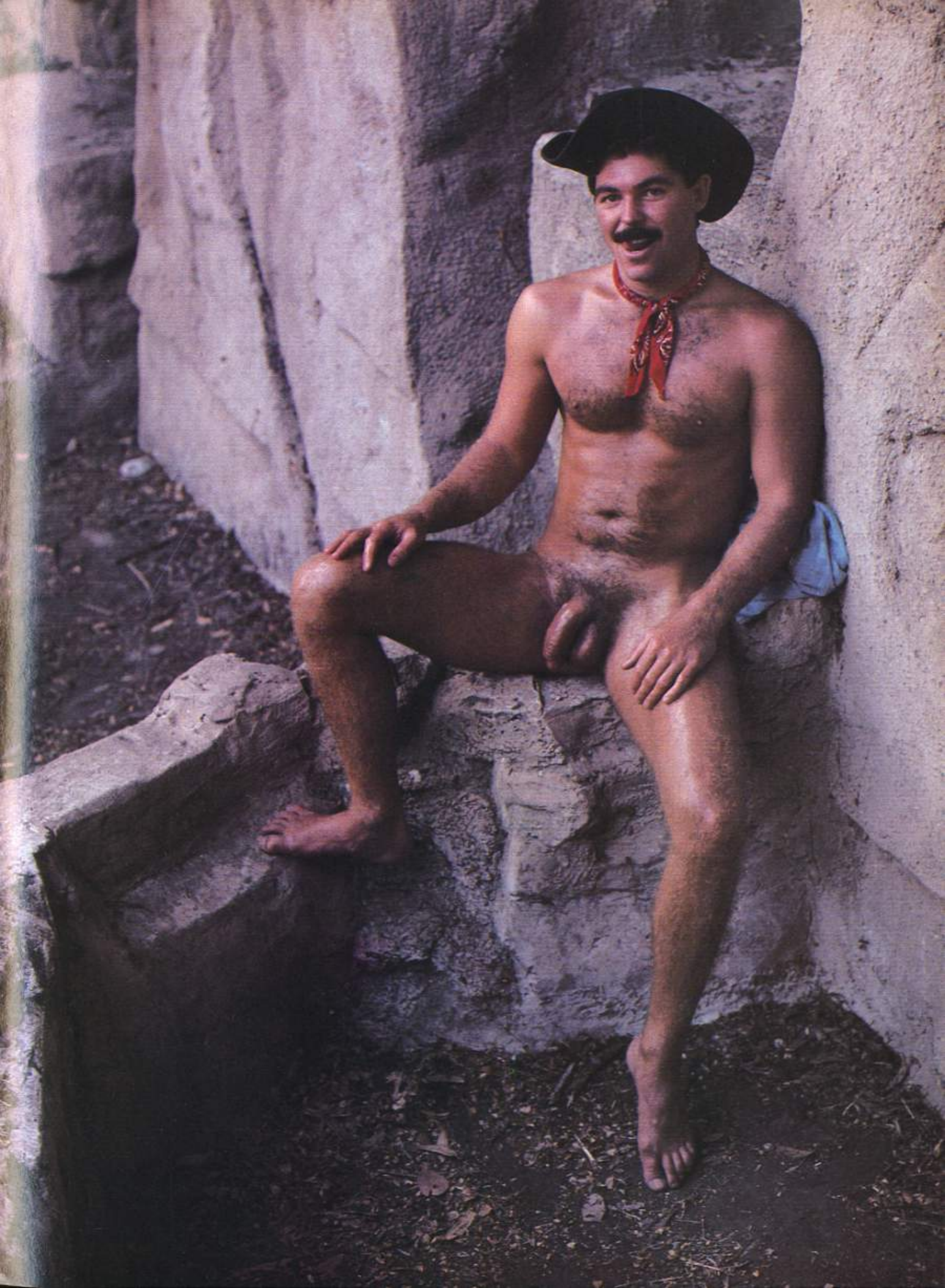


Jack Nicholson is a real-estate agent from Philadelphia whom we saw one day at the Griffith Park zoo. We asked him if he'd like to pose. "I'm straight." That's poignant. But how about posing for us? "Well . . . sure. What the hell! Guys get paid for this, don't they?" That's right, and we're going to pay you. "Hey, alright!" As you can imagine, Jack—24, by the way, and a Taurus—did not own the chaps or hat you see here. They were supplied by one of our overstocked staff members. "I'll be careful, don't worry." "Oh, that's O.K.," said the staffer flashing a smile that could light the city of Houston for three nights. "Knock yourself out. Sweat all over them." What a trouper. That's how we make 'em here in the magazine business. We asked Jack how he liked the chaps. "Hey, yeah. They're O.K." We'll say they're O.K.! He was getting excited right before our very eyes. Such is the power of suede leather and ventillated pants. (P.S. Since our shooting, Jack has decided to pursue a career in fashion modeling. Good luck, cowboy.)



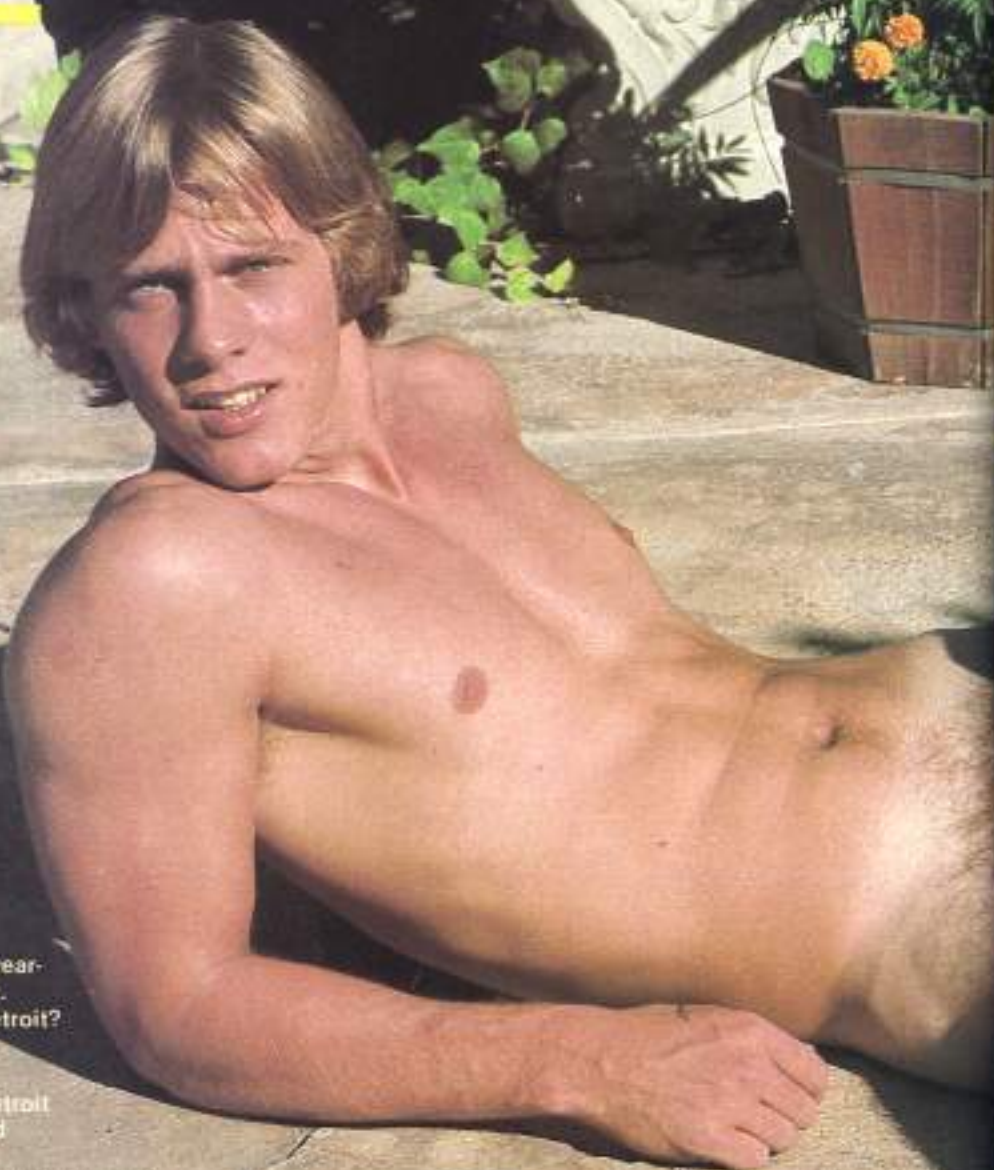






MARK

He likes to
horse around



Mark Stevens is a 19-year-old surfer from Detroit. How do you surf in Detroit?

"Carefully."

No way, Mark.

"Lookit, I'm from Detroit but now I live here and I surf. Get it?"

You're a punk kid, you know that?

"Aw, chew on it!"

We just remembered how much we like punk kids. Actually, Mark's a regular guy, 165 lbs of compact fun.

"You talking about my bod again?"

A little bit of a pain in the ass, maybe.

"You are talking about my bod."

It's your practical jokes, Jocko. We don't particularly appreciate being woken up by all those strangers who found our phone number and are

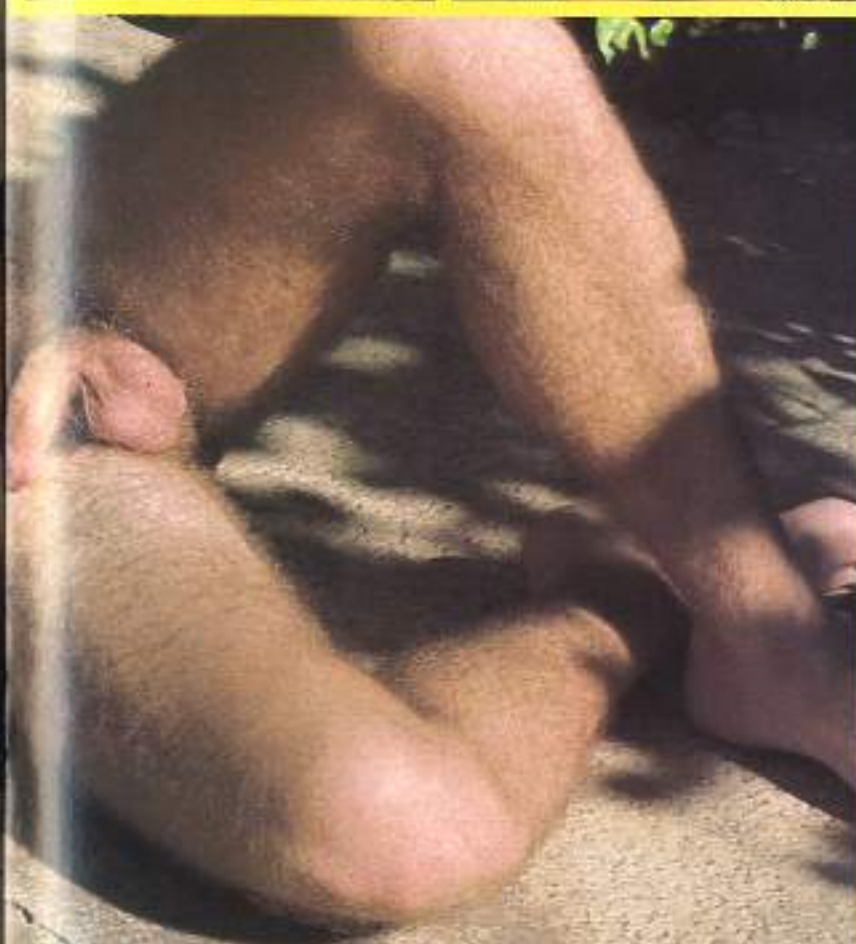
interesting rundown of our hobbies in a telephone booth at the airport.

He beams with those blue, blue eyes of his. "I can't help it, I'm a Capricorn. Cap-prick corn. Get it? Got it. (Especially the corn part.) Now take off those shorts and say cheese."

"Cheese, man? Well, if that's your kink, hey, you got the wrong guy. I'm streamlined."

Alright, alright, say Goodnight, Grace.

"Goodnight, Grace."



Photos by VISUAL COMMUNICATION







The smile on the face of the teenage soldier vanished. He looked back at the white-haired man with a new earnestness. "Tell me about love, Socrates."

SOCRATES & THE GOLDEN WARRIOR

A Love Story by THOMAS FRASIER

"How lucky can you get?" Socrates said as he admired his shining, white hair in his wife's mirror. "I'm an older man in a city that actively encourages young men to go to bed with us."

Yet how long had it been since a young man wanted to make love with him? Six months? A year? That long? How quickly they made their exit when the conversation turned to love, and he expressed a desire to explore their bodies as well as their minds.

"Ah well," he sighed, "my figure's not exactly Greek anymore. But then even the government's in bad shape these days."

"Breakfast is ready!" a servant shouted at the door of the bedroom.

"Yes, Yes!" he shouted back and hastily put the mirror down. The last thing he wanted was to be caught peering at himself like some vain old woman. And another thing, why did servants shout so when they talked to him? He wasn't that old.

Despite Socrates' incessant critique of life in Athens, he was a remarkably happy man. True, his sex life wasn't what it used to be, but his wife was devoted to him and raised their children sensibly. She commanded the respect of the servants who ran the house and she kept a close watch

on the slaves that ran the farm. Socrates went to the market everyday with a faithful servant to sell all that the farm grew. Then, in order to be free to wander off and discourse with the young men with scraggly new beards who looked on him as a teacher and the hairless youths who hung around to be praised and petted, Socrates would turn the actual selling of the farm goods over to his servant. The servant, naturally, cheated his master; this is expected from the serving class in any age. But Socrates was not an unkind master, and the servant's dishonesty was equally considerate.

One hot, slow day, Socrates was disputing with a group of friends in the presence of their proteges. In the group were also a few outrageously effeminate creatures and the occasional, intelligent street-walker or lesbian who would hear an ear-catching phrase in passing and stop to hear more. This day, a young man of exceptional athletic grace entered the group and listened avidly. A ripple of excitement passed around the circle, which speculated about the presence of this stranger as indeed they speculated on all who stayed or left and on who left with whom.

Athenaos rolled his eyes and leaned over to Socrates. "I see the god Apollo has left his fiery chariot in the sky and blessed our company with his presence." But Socrates could barely stomach Athenaos and his mincing remarks. He shooed him away and listened intently to Aristophanes ex-

pound on love. It was a glorious tribute, after which Zenophanes dove into a wickedly satirical attack on love, extolling in its place the temporal delights of the bed, rolling his eyes with obvious reference to the splendid stranger in their midst, the young man of exceptional, athletic grace. Everyone snickered as Zenophanes leered on, until Socrates suddenly thundered, "Love is not an experiment in sex!"

An excited hush fell over the portico steps. Flies buzzed shamelessly among the hot, well-cared-for bodies. With one sentence, Socrates had shattered the bawdy, bric-a-brac brilliance of the formidable Zenophanes, and everyone strained to hear what Socrates had next to say. But Socrates said nothing. Instead he strode out of the marketplace in the direction of the seashore, leaving them to speculate on what was going on in his mind. But it was too hot to speculate for long, and soon all the men went back to swatting flies and gossiping about who was sleeping with whom. The heat intensified. Before long the group dispersed and whatever remained in the market barely moved in the hot hum of the midday sun. Socrates' servant, long accustomed to his master's erratic ways, merely shrugged his shoulders when Socrates did not return at the end of the day and went home with the cart alone.

The young man of exceptional, athletic grace had followed Socrates to the seashore. His name was Creon. He was the



most beautiful of man-boys, a young teenage soldier who had recently arrived from the sturdy Dorian countryside. He was curious about this Socrates whose penetrating comments were repeated everywhere, and now for the first time, coming face to face with the short, pudgy man, Creon was surprised that someone famous and brilliant was not also someone beautiful. The man who spoke of Ideals was not himself an Ideal. Creon was much more naive than the street-wise boys of Athens, who were used to the pace of a city where geniuses were beneath every column, expounding in their togas. In fact, the budding youths of Athens were as adept at sizing up a mature's man worth as the older men were at sizing up a youth's beauty.

Creon found Socrates on the seashore, standing firmly on a huge, granite promontory as the seagulls glided overhead. Socrates did not notice—or, at least, refused to acknowledge—Creon's presence. Now it was widely said that Socrates had a debilitating weakness for physical beauty. People thought this was a flaw in his character. Actually, it was his character play-

ing through, for he did indeed value and hold things of the intellect above all else. To Socrates, physical beauty was not so much about perfect features as it was about ideas about perfect features—harmony, balance, unity. He did not merely see the lushness of a Greek boy's lower lip, he saw how that lower lip balanced out the boy's level, sleepy eyes. He saw the harmony of great bodies, the unity of form where muscles were sewn together neatly and genitals hung pertly from taut pelvic tendons. This perfection Creon possessed to such an alarming degree that the young soldier could not help but know it . . . much to the chagrin of many a lecherous old man who had hoped to take advantage of his rustic simplicity.

"My name is Creon," said the teenage warrior above the roar of the sea. Socrates looked at him but said nothing. "I heard you speak in the marketplace today . . ."

Socrates turned back to gaze out over the sea.

"...I could see that Aristophanes amused you," Creon continued. He could feel the color rise in his cheeks. "Why did

he amuse you?"

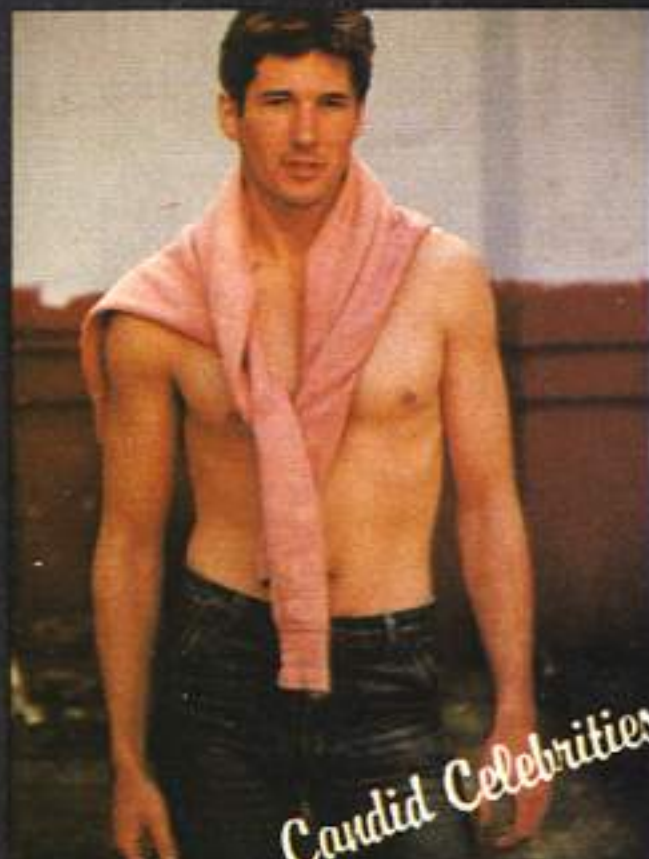
"If I need to tell you why Aristophanes is amusing, then perhaps I need to tell you why the antics of Zenophanes shame your manhood."

The smile on Creon's face vanished. He looked back at the white-haired man with a new earnestness. "Tell me about love, Socrates."

Socrates fixed Creon with a long stare. "What can I tell you about love?" he said and looked back at the sea. "What can I tell you about love?" He shook his head with a dry laugh. Then without a word, he put his arms around Creon's shoulders and led him down to the shore with a soldier's brisk step, talking animatedly to the fine lad from the country, talking about the beauty of ideals and the nature of eternal truth and subjects much more airy and abstract than the simple one the boy had asked about.

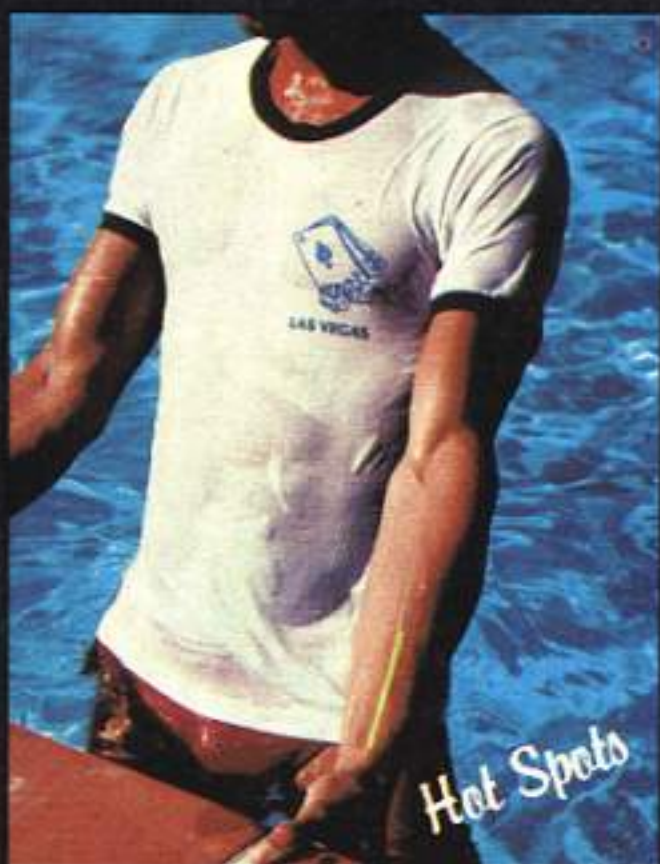
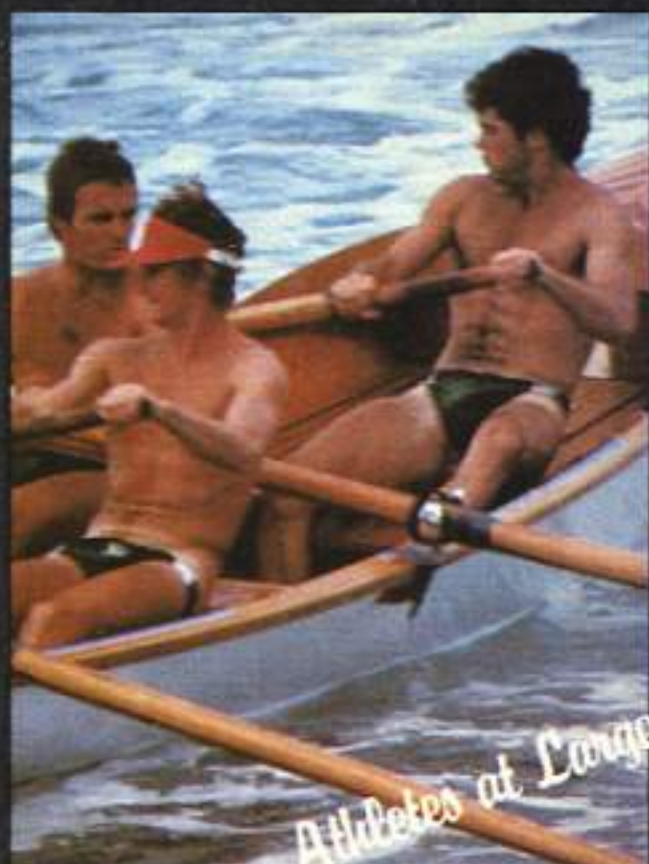
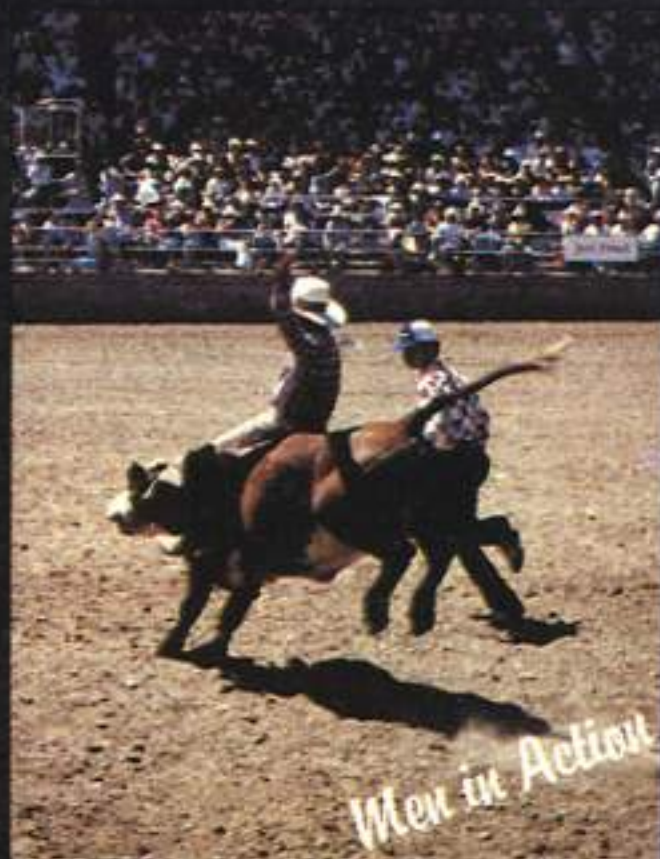
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Socrates did not return to the marketplace until three days later. And when he returned, Creon was there with him. While Socrates was helping his servant set up



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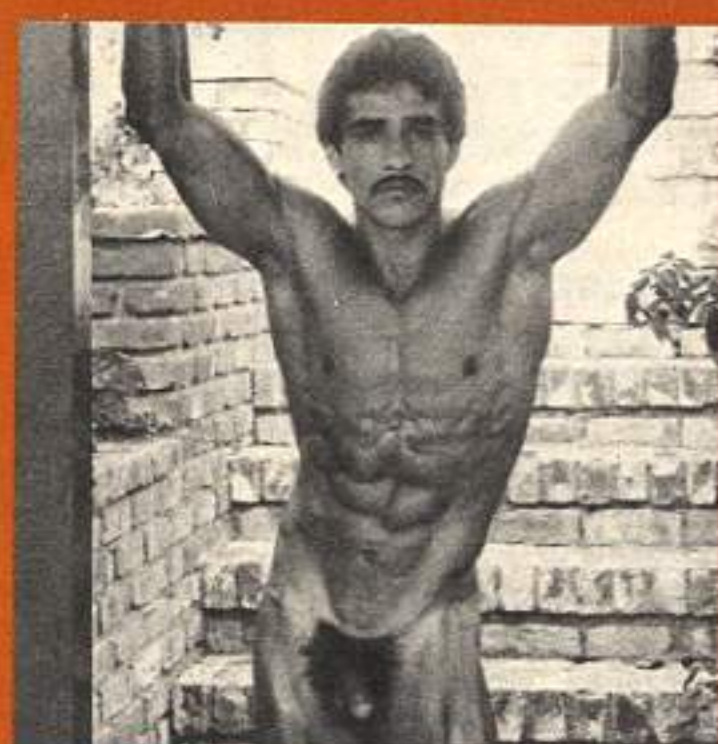
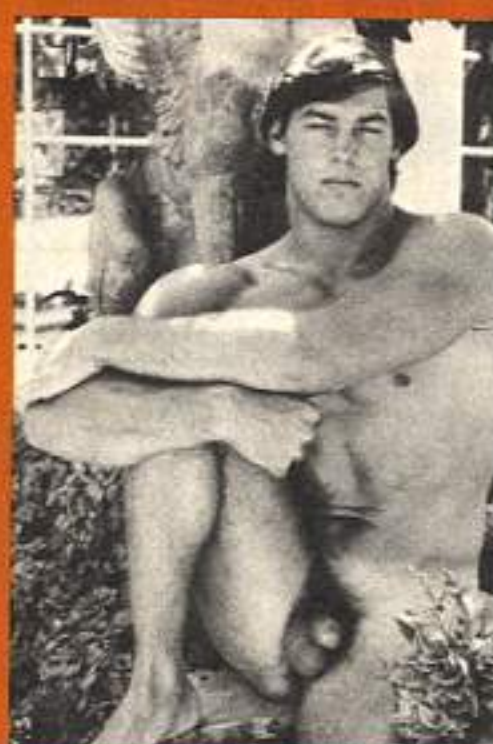
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shop to sell the farm goods, Zenophanes and the mincing Athenaios cornered Creon.

"Well, what happened with you two?" said Zenophanes with a wicked wink to his friend Athenaios.

Creon arranged his scandalously short cloak.

"Tell us, Creon," persisted Athenaios, "what you two . . . talked about? You and the great intellect, Socrates."

"I asked him to tell me about love."

Zenophanes and Athenaios blurted out a laugh. "And . . ." dripped Zenophanes, "did he?"

"He told me about Icarus."

"Icarus? Why Icarus?"

"I don't know."

"Well what did he say," said Athenaios impatiently.

"A lot of things. You know, a lot of things."

Zenophanes cleared his throat. Athenaios put on a smug look.

Thereafter Creon was always seen in the wake of Socrates, listening to all he had to say.

Socrates' wife lay in bed and watched her husband sleep. This new boy was not like the others. Most of the others were just affairs of the mind, affectionate perhaps, but not passionate. Physical only occasionally. This was something different, she told herself. "Something new." She had never realized the word "new" could have such a sinister shade to it. It was like the war which Athens had recently gotten itself into. That too was "something new," bringing with it other things, also frightening, also new.

This boy, why was he so involved with this boy!

Socrates had never been so taken with a youth when she had been young and strong and borne his ardor into fine, flawless children. She was recently too old to have children now. Also "something new." There was a difference of 30 years between Socrates and his wife, and though he seemed to many people a bit stern and unresponsive, erratic perhaps, headstrong definitely, she loved him.

But this boy, this boy, this boy!

Socrates had had his share of young men in his day—what woman would want a man who hadn't? There had been no other women in his life; she was sure of that. People could never say that she could not hold her man. And she had given him sons. She had a talent, a positive talent for getting pregnant with a minimum of effort on Socrates' part.

But who was this boy! Why did he cast such a shadow on her life.

She fell asleep finally but her sleep was fitful and she woke up a few hours later. It was dawn. Socrates was stirring.

"Do I satisfy you?" she whispered.

Socrates said nothing for a moment. "You excite me."

"But do I satisfy you?"

Socrates paused. "When you are satisfied," he said slowly, "you stop."

She said nothing more. She could hear the servants getting up in the house.

When it came time to do battle, Socrates went to fight alongside Creon. The teenage soldier fought bravely and spectacularly so that Socrates might be proud of him and other men praise him to Socrates. That night on the battlefield, Socrates and Creon slept together under the same cloak. Socrates admonished Creon not to fight so flamboyantly but to battle simply and well for the state. To come out of a war alive was proof enough of manly valor. And before another word could be spoken, the battle-drained Socrates was asleep. In vain did Creon try to wake his lover for some word of personal praise. The fighting had roused his blood and he felt intensely alive and intensely aware and he had an intense need. But Socrates slept soundly, and Creon had to relieve himself with their page, a 15-year-old bull of a boy who had just returned from a night of it with a slave girl whom the soldiers had captured and passed around.

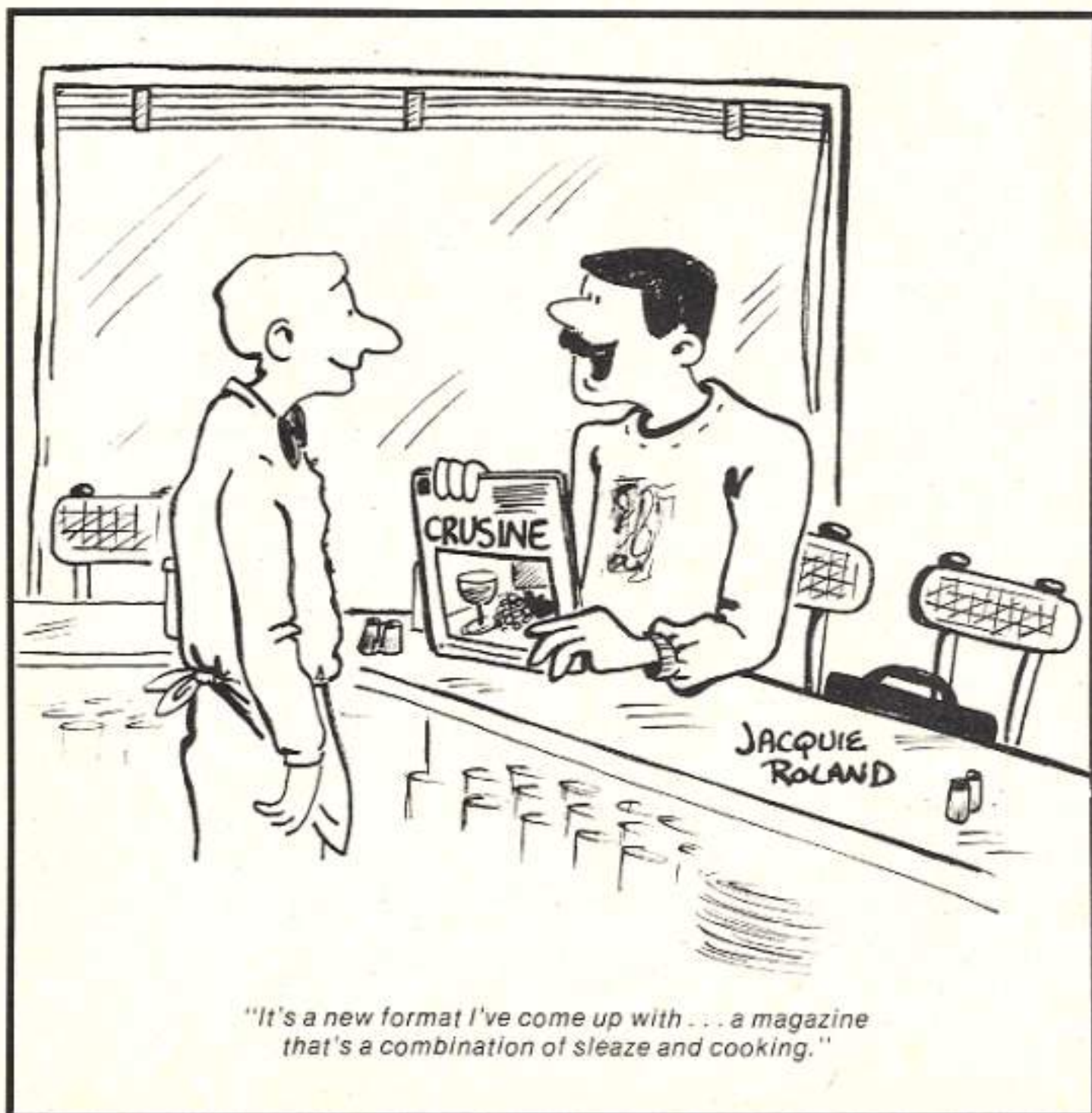
The next day, Creon fought even more daringly. The more spectacular the deed, he felt, the greater the valor. And with each chance Creon took, Socrates withdrew a little from him, not out of disapproval but out of a sense of survival. And with each daring move Creon attempted,

Socrates saw it would be his last. Glory, glory, glory. Socrates just wanted to go home. Let the carnage end. But Creon was drunk with it; it was as if he had finally come into his own, was on a field where he could overawe Socrates the way Socrates overawed him, where he could make Socrates love him, but this time on his terms.

By the end of the day, the tide had turned in Athen's favor, the enemy was completely routed, and the city set about building a great pyre to cremate its dead, among them the valiant teenage soldier who had wanted Socrates to love him so much.

Socrates carried the beautiful, broken Creon from the field with the help of the page, who didn't look 15 years-old anymore but had the hard, deadened eyes of all boys who have seen too much in wartime. Socrates tried to talk the page back to life, in this way keeping his own mind off the terrible burden he was bearing to the flames, but the page was out there somewhere far away. Socrates and the page placed Creon on the huge pile of wood with the other war dead. The people of Athens watched and waited for the famous Socrates to say something wise. But he stood beside the naked, lifeless body of his lover in silence. The torch was put to the stack of corpses and they were engulfed in flames, the heat forcing everyone back.

A sculptor had made sketches of Creon, for the soldier had become famous in a small way after Socrates took up with him.



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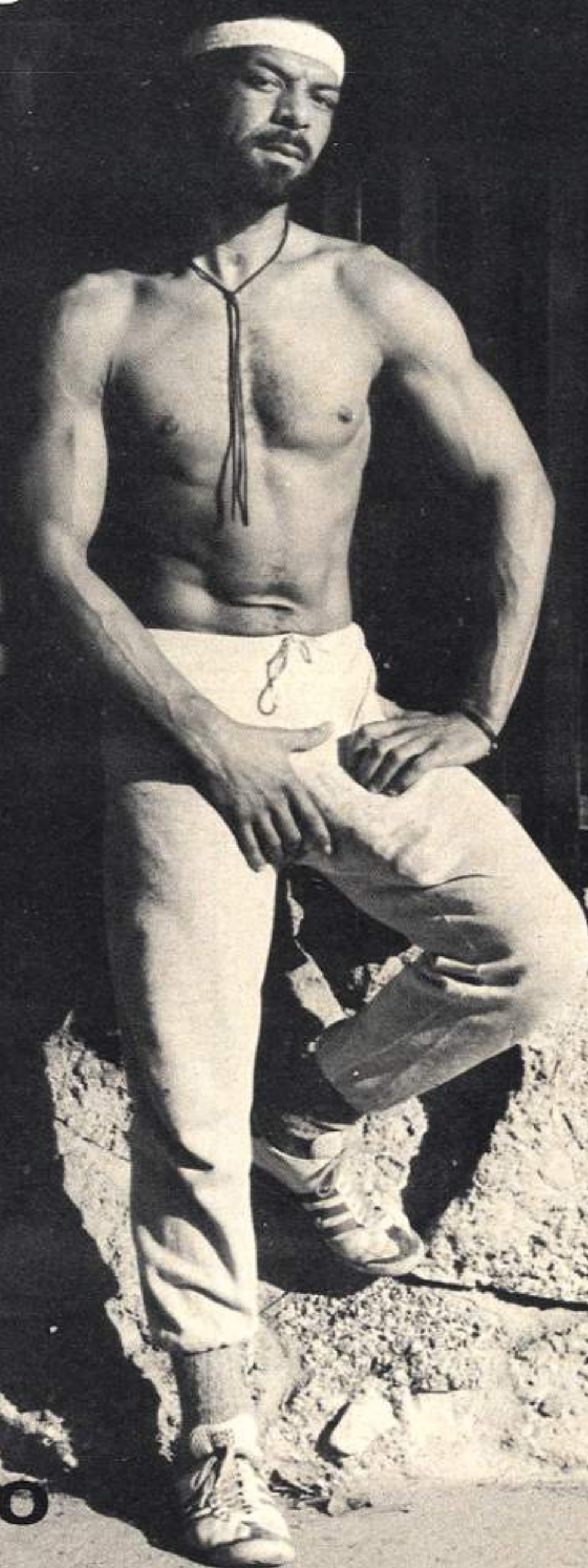
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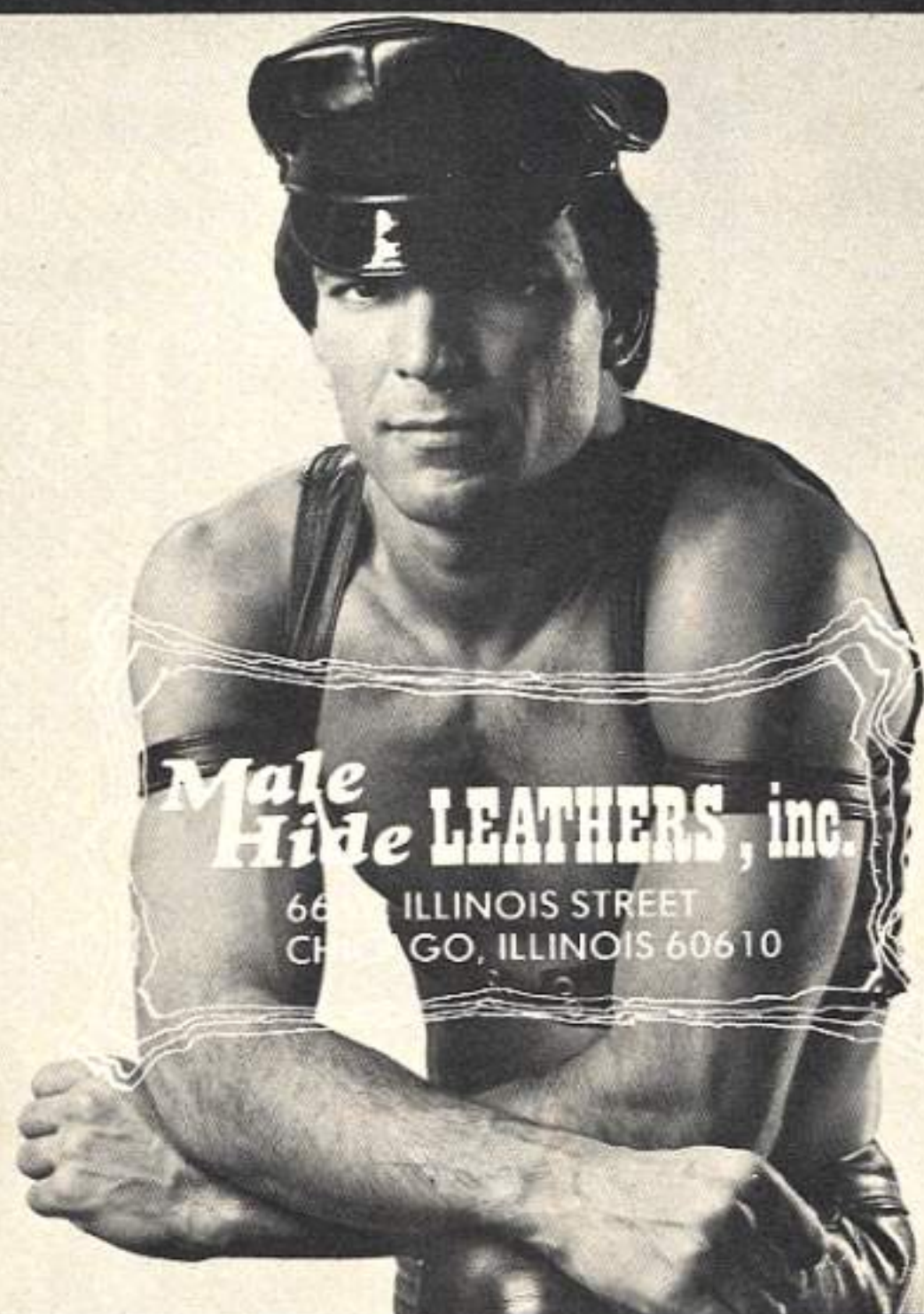
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It was decided that the city of Athens would memorialize the battle by a statue of the beautiful Creon, who would represent everyone who had died that day. The statue was built and put in the temple precinct, and for years people would remark on how beautiful Creon must have been.

It was a great statue but not one destined to survive, for in the next war, when Athens was sacked, the statue tumbled, smashed and was scattered. Still while it stood, it resembled the youth greatly. Socrates did not comment on it, but his wife could never pass it without feeling a vague pain.

...

The morning after Creon had died, Socrates did not go to the market. He went to the district where Creon had lived, entered Creon's small house and dismissed the old woman and young boy who had been his servants. Creon had lived simply; a teenager, he had little in the way of tangible goods to dispose of. Socrates climbed to the porch on the roof where Creon had slept with the sea breezes during the hot summer nights. Suddenly he heard the unmistakable sound of Creon's laughter. There reclining on the bed was the ghost of Creon.

"You have not left," said Socrates gruffly to mask his confusion. The ghost shook his fine, curly head. Socrates closed his eyes. Was his longing for Creon causing him to take leave of his senses?! He opened his eyes. Creon was still there, but now he was a creature made of light.

"Why," Socrates whispered hoarsely, "why do you linger when your comrades have long since left for the Land of the Shades!"

The ghost laughed again, and there was something cruel and mocking in its voice when it said, "Tell me about love, Socrates."

Socrates found tears rolling down his cheeks. He suddenly lost control and wailed and wept and let it all out. Pulling himself together, he fixed the ghost straight in the eye, which was unnervingly transparent and said, "Tell me about love, Creon."

The ghost's face became sad, and it was as if the sadness was sapping its energy because the figure dimmed.

"Tell me about love, Creon!" Socrates demanded, rolling again into sobs.

Creon's face, for that was all that was left of him, shined brightly as he rallied his strength to speak his last. But the rallying took away from his presence and in the end all that was left were his translucent, transcendent eyes and the barest of whispers.

"Socrates, I could not tell you about love. I was only able to show you." And then the light went out in him.

Socrates told no one what had happened that day in Creon's home but he thought about it and held on to it and turned it over in his heart for the rest of his life.

■ ■

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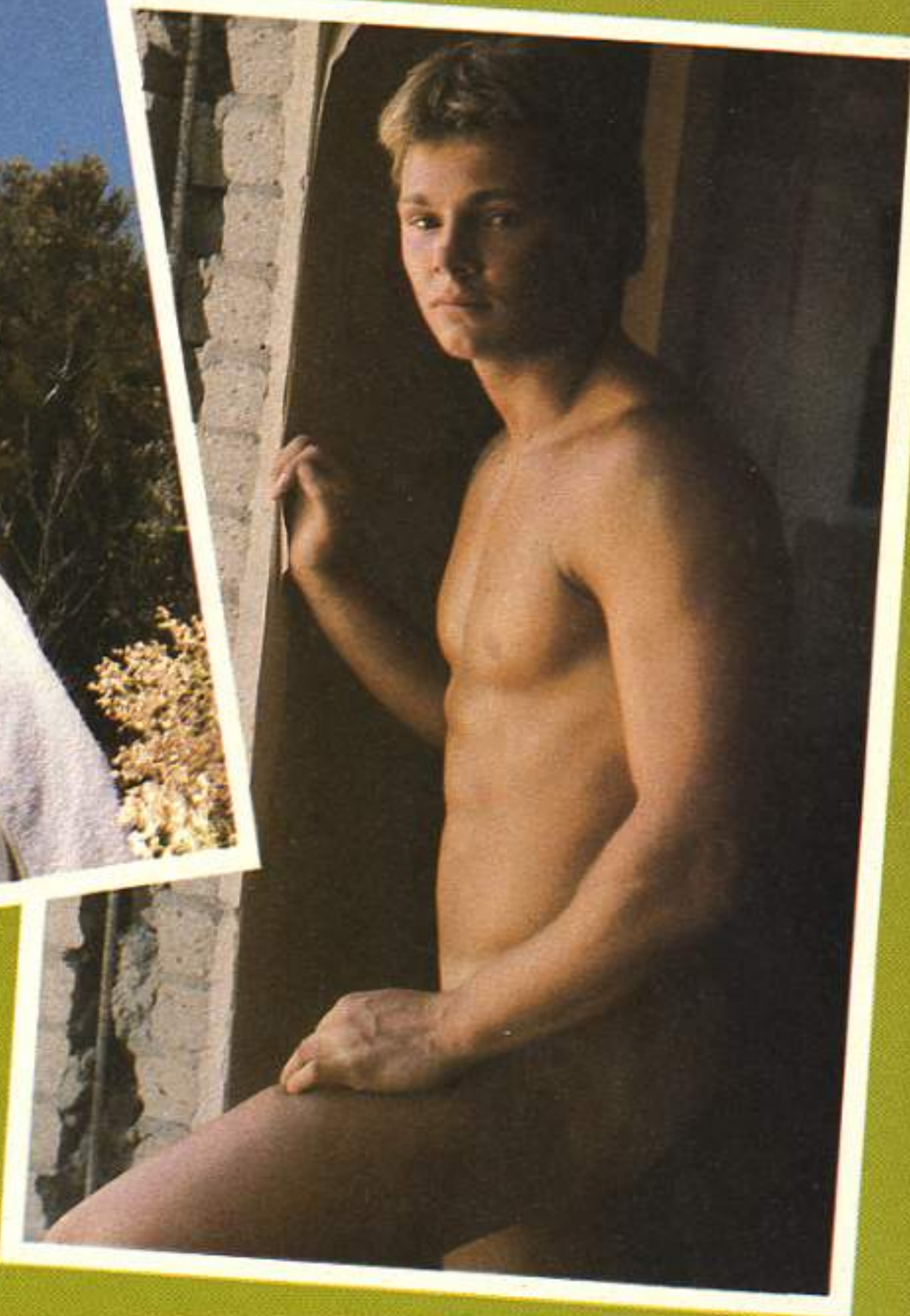
JEFF

Blond teenage bodybuilder follows in the steps of IN TOUCH coverman Rex Johnson (#49) . . . bringing body worshippers another treat for the eyes. Photographed in the wilds of California, as well as around a swim pool, he's just what the doctor ordered for flagging spirits. Enjoy Jeff.

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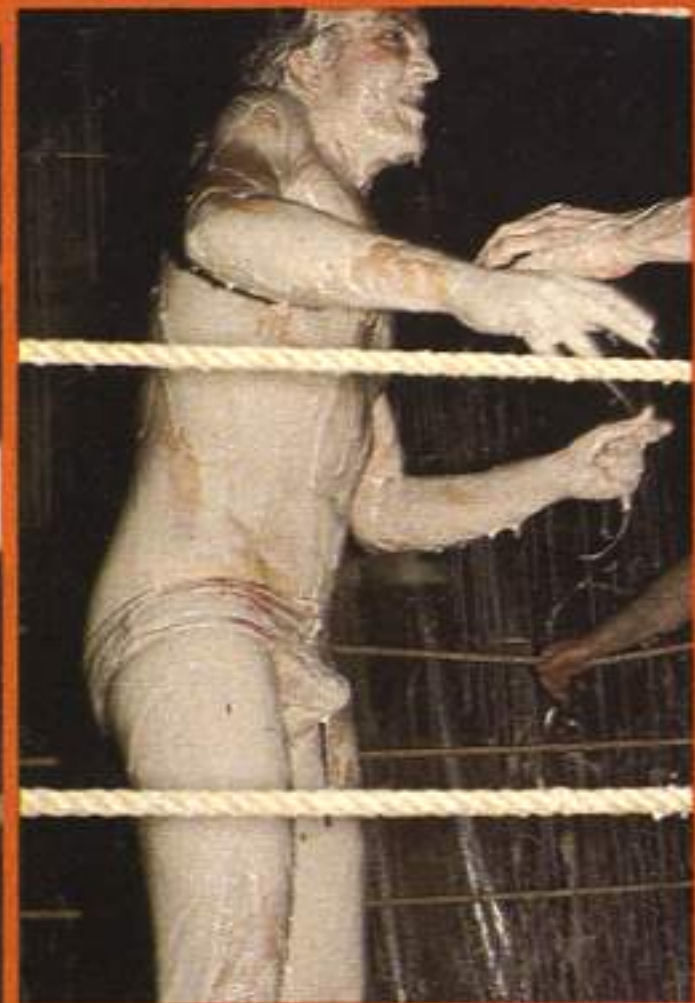
MUD WRESTLING

Bake-Off in Chicago

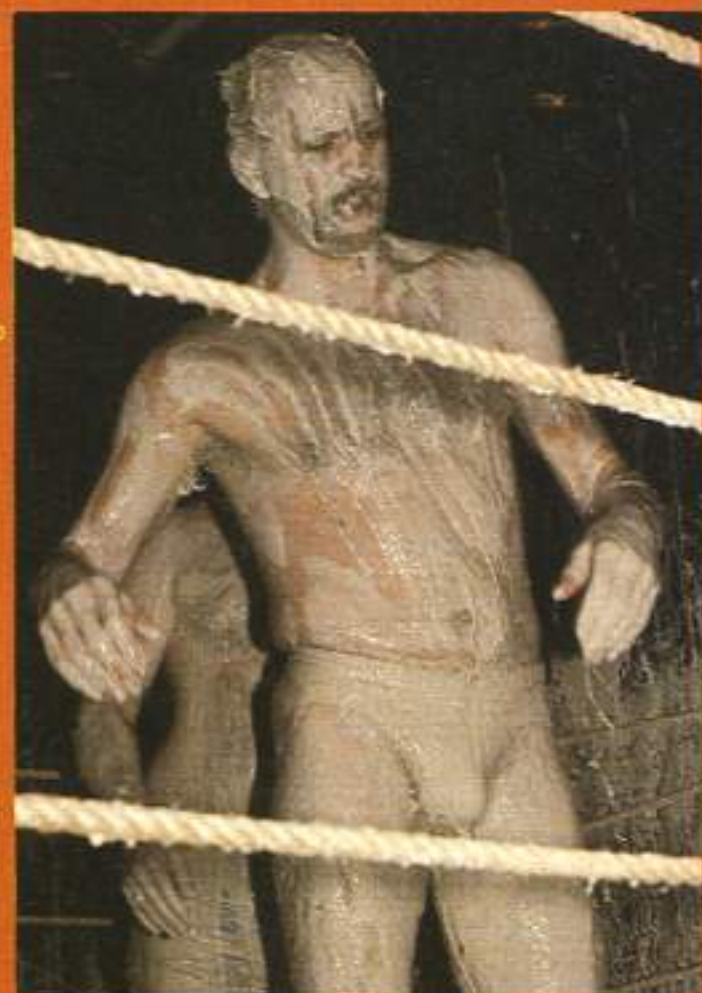
The mud was Betty Crocker cake mix, but the matches were definitely no-holds barred. What else would you expect from Chicago, city of all those hog-butchers? The bartenders at the Gold Coast set up a ring on the pool table, filled it with 500 lbs. of chocolate cake mix, and then the hands-on, jock-

strapped contestants began to beat the shortening out of each other, flopping batter on bystanders and getting into positions we thought were only witnessed by four walls and a pre-heated oven. This was one time the Gold Coast did not donate the proceeds to Toys for Tots.

Photos by JOE SKYLAS
Courtesy MALE HIDE LEATHERS







The Pillsbury Doughboy never had it like this. We didn't get everybody's name (our notes mysteriously disappeared only to be found a week later in a wedge of German Chocolate Layer Cake served at a posh Rush Street restaurant) but we do know the story on the guys you see above, below, and to the side. They are Gary Klink (in fire-

men's boots) and opponent Stanley Hall. Gary and Stanley squared off, voiced strong opinions about each other's ancestry and gender, and broke only to pose. In the end, the patrons rushed the ring, there was a total breakdown in authority and the matches, not to mention the contestants, were up for grabs. Mudslinging at its tastiest! ■■



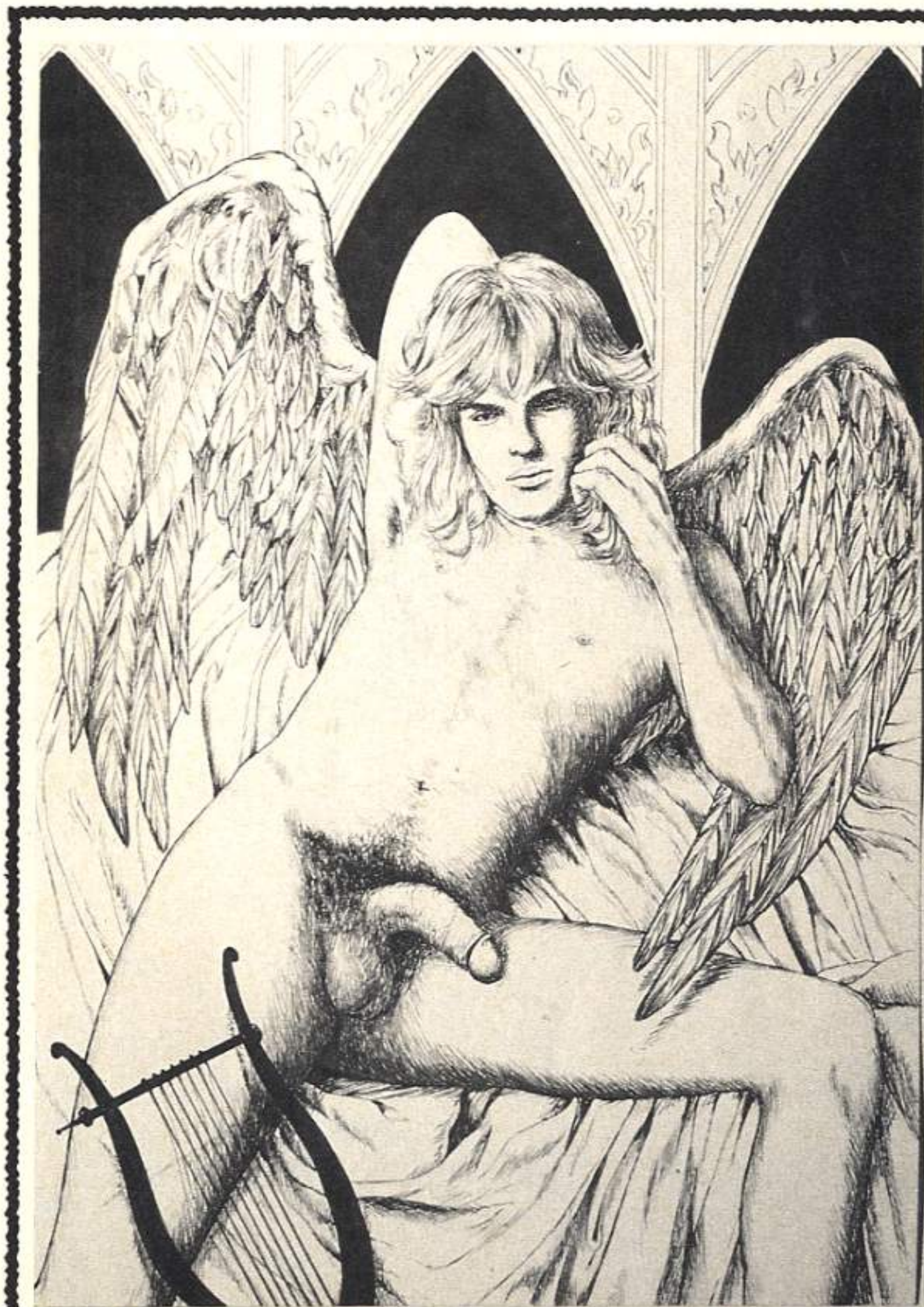
ANGEL BABIES

"The idea to draw angels came to me when I first came to America," says Jaime Bellechasse, a Cuban artist in exile who now lives in New York City. "I'd walk down the street and see long-haired blond boys with blue eyes and a certain sweetness in their faces and I'd exclaim, 'It's an angel!'"

Bellechasse had good reason to feel he was in Paradise. He had just escaped, in 1979, from a country that had jailed him, on and off for nine years (1968-1977) because of his political convictions and his homosexuality. "I had worked in theater and films as a set designer and illustrator, had several shows of my paintings until 1968 when my work became somewhat erotic and I had to hide them due to the severe censure of such art in my country. But then because of my political activities, I attracted too much attention. Police came to my house, took my paintings and destroyed them; I was jailed."

Now 35, Jaime Bellechasse has been painting since he was a child—"When I was six, I invented a comic-strip full of American cowboys with names like 'Kid Colt.'" Later he studied painting and sculpture at the National School of Fine Arts in San Alejandro, Cuba.

"Angels are spirits, non-sexual beings, but the visual representations of them through the ages has always aroused certain feelings in me. It is impossible to make love to real angels, though I have made love to some angelic characters. If one of these pen-and-ink drawings could come to life, I would like it to be the angel with the sword because beside his beauty, it might be amusing to see how he uses his tool."



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MEN OF AUSTRALIA

(Continued from page 38)

COUNTRY BOYS

Then there are the wonderful inland types who migrate to the coast in search of the "Good Time." Shearers, opal miners, boundary riders, stockmen—Country Boys all, with a refreshing barnyard directness. They gather annually round the Harbour for the Royal Easter Show, although the odd one can be spotted at other times. Your Inlander can sometimes be spotted in a wide brimmed ex-Australian Army hat with the brim down. They talk slower and hop into bed quicker than their city cousins. They are either randier or in a hurry. Maybe they have to catch the last plane back to Collar-nabri or Warnambool. Perhaps they have to get up early in the morning to show a bull or a pony at the Royal Agricultural Society. Like the Surf, sexual deprivation makes these boys super-horny, although their abstinence is geographical rather than psychological. (With the Surf, of course, it is the reverse.)

Where the Country Boys live, there may not be another non-kinsman around for miles, let alone one who is also gay. The boy who grows up on a farm has a huge advantage over a city boy. He sees the basic sexual act of creation as part of nature. The various animals couple, adults discuss it in a matter-of-fact way, and there is no sordid mystery. He sees bulls mounting bulls, cows mounting cows, and without any hysteria he comes to realize that sexuality covers a wide spectrum. Wider than that set out in narrow human rules.

A friend of mine, as a fourteen-year-old on his father's cattle station, used to play Cowboys-and-Indians in the barn with a boundary rider's son, a seventeen-year-old Irish boy with red hair and green eyes the colour of a clover paddock. Once he had Bluey tied up in the cow bail (Australian red-heads are invariably nicknamed Bluey), the Indian torture was applied. This test of bravery started with the trussed and tied-up cowboy having his jeans pulled down to his ankles. Next, an unweaned calf was led up to the victim, whose pink and ginger cock was then anointed with milk from a bucket. The thirsty little calf, fooled by this reasonable facsimile, was then "put on the tit" and sucked away with its toothless little mouth until the poor cowboy was drained dry. After the ecstasy, the agony. How long could he stand this after he had blown? Even the bravest warrior would plead for mercy. If there were no unweaned calves around, each of the boys would take turns to stand-in for the calf. They eventually dispensed with the ropes as well and just climbed straight up into the hayloft.

Years past. My friend Don went off into

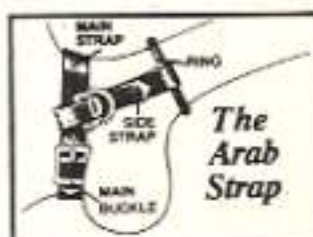


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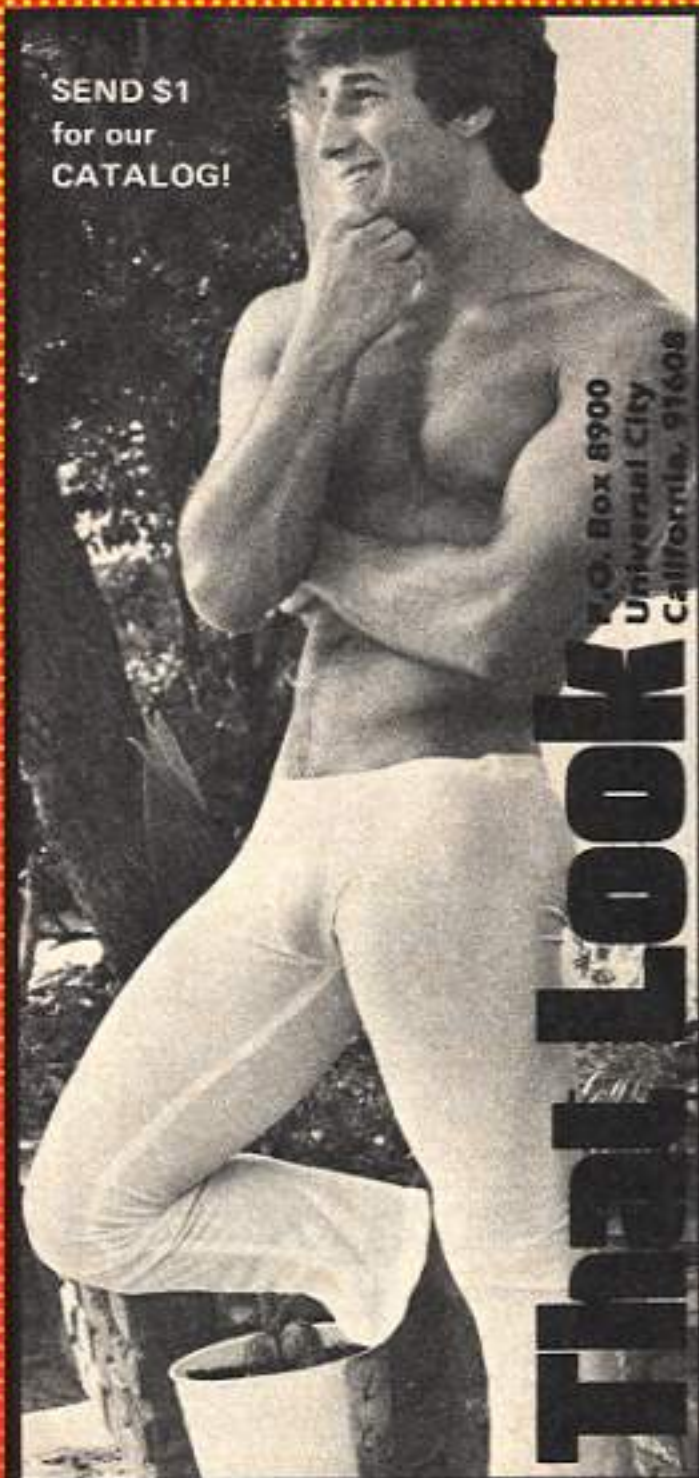
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the Army and eventually settled in Sydney. Bluey married a local girl and produced sons of his own. Don used to visit the family property, and the two men, now in their late thirties, would muster the cattle together. One evening around the campfire, waiting for the billy to boil for tea, Bluey made an extraordinary proposition. "You know my eldest boy is eighteen now Mr. Don. What do you think of him?"

Of course the whole district knew that Don had never married and was probably some sort of gay; but years of city intolerance had made him wary of such direct questions. So he parried it with a loaded compliment. "He's the spitting image of you at his age Blue. He'll be lucky if he grows up as good a man as his father."

This was not quite the answer Blue was fishing for. "Yair, he's a good kid, but yer know Don, there's not much future for a boy like there used to be, what with all the big properties being broken up. Anyway he wants to be an engineer, always has. I was wondering if you could take him to Sydney and look after him. He'll do what you tell him."

Don was flabbergasted. "Have you talked to him about this plan?"

The other man took out a packet of tea from his saddlebag, emptied some into the briskly boiling billycan and stirred it with a green eucalyptus twig before he answered. "Yair, he understands. He thinks you are a bonzer bloke, and if you

could take him under your wing..."

When Don got over the shock of being offered Blue's son in wedlock, as it were, he decided he had some sort of feudal duty to the man's family, which had worked on the property for generations. To say nothing of a certain sentimental memory of the Cowboy-and-Indian games. So Blue Junior was taken to Sydney on the understanding that he would decide what course the relationship would take. The sequel was that after a couple of years, Junior, like his dad, decided that he liked girls best, and Don had to settle for being godfather to the young engineer's first ginger tot.

"Thank God it was a girl" was Don's comment. "Three generations would have been ridiculous."

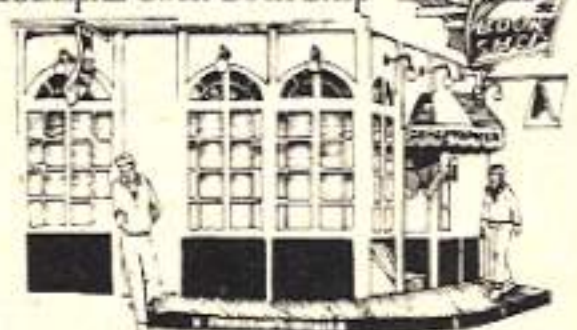
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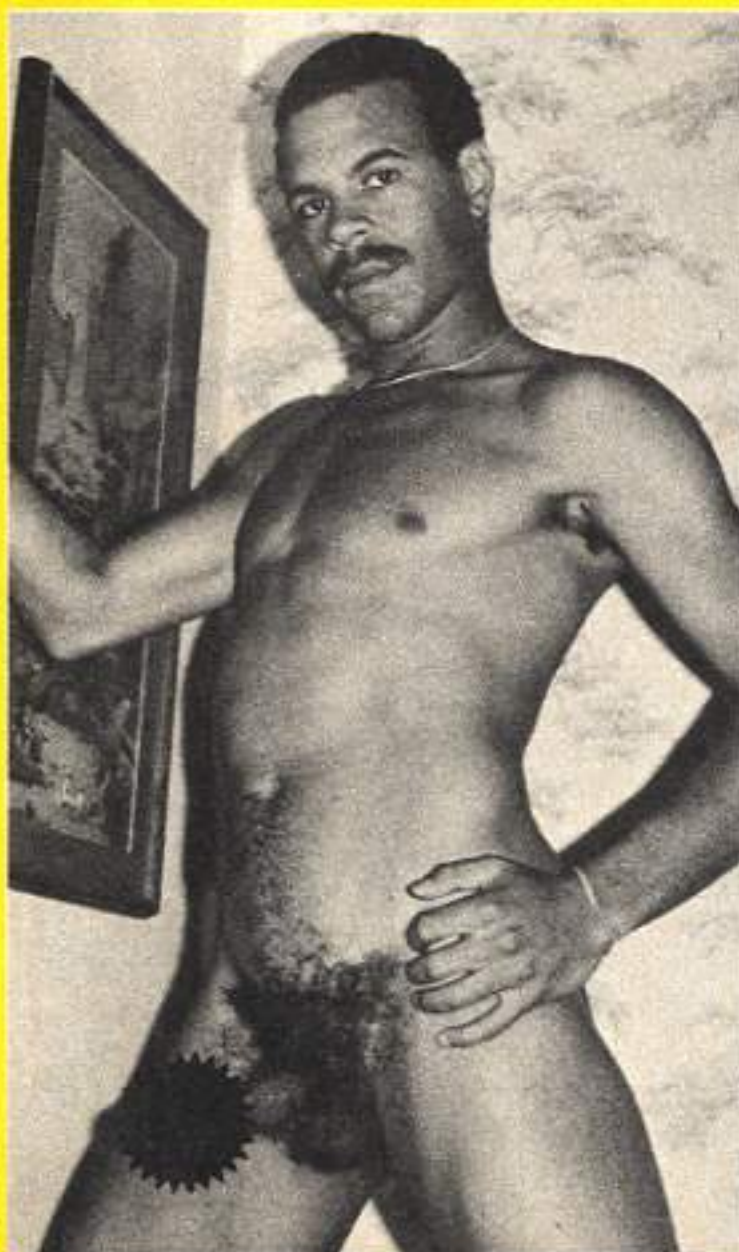
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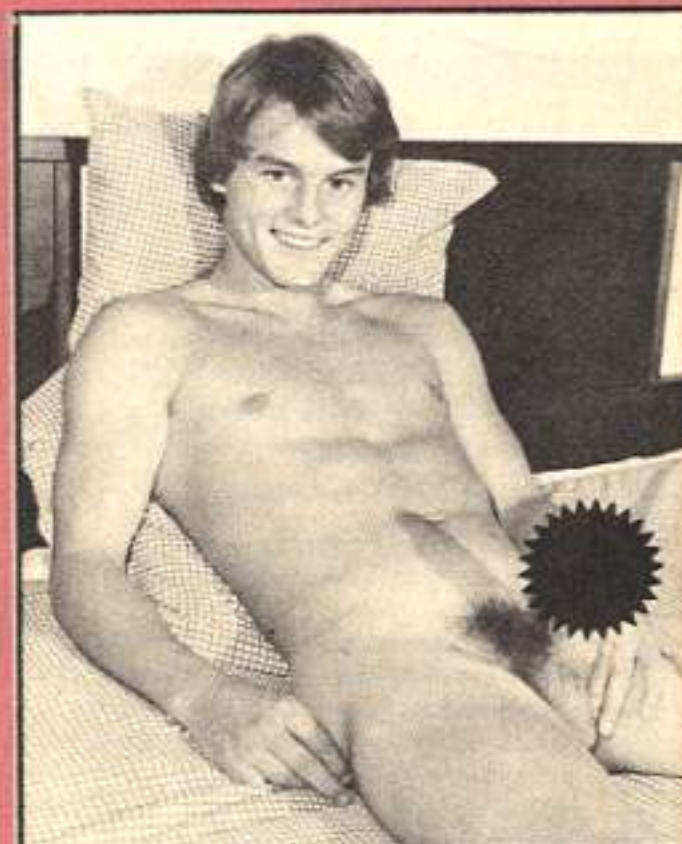
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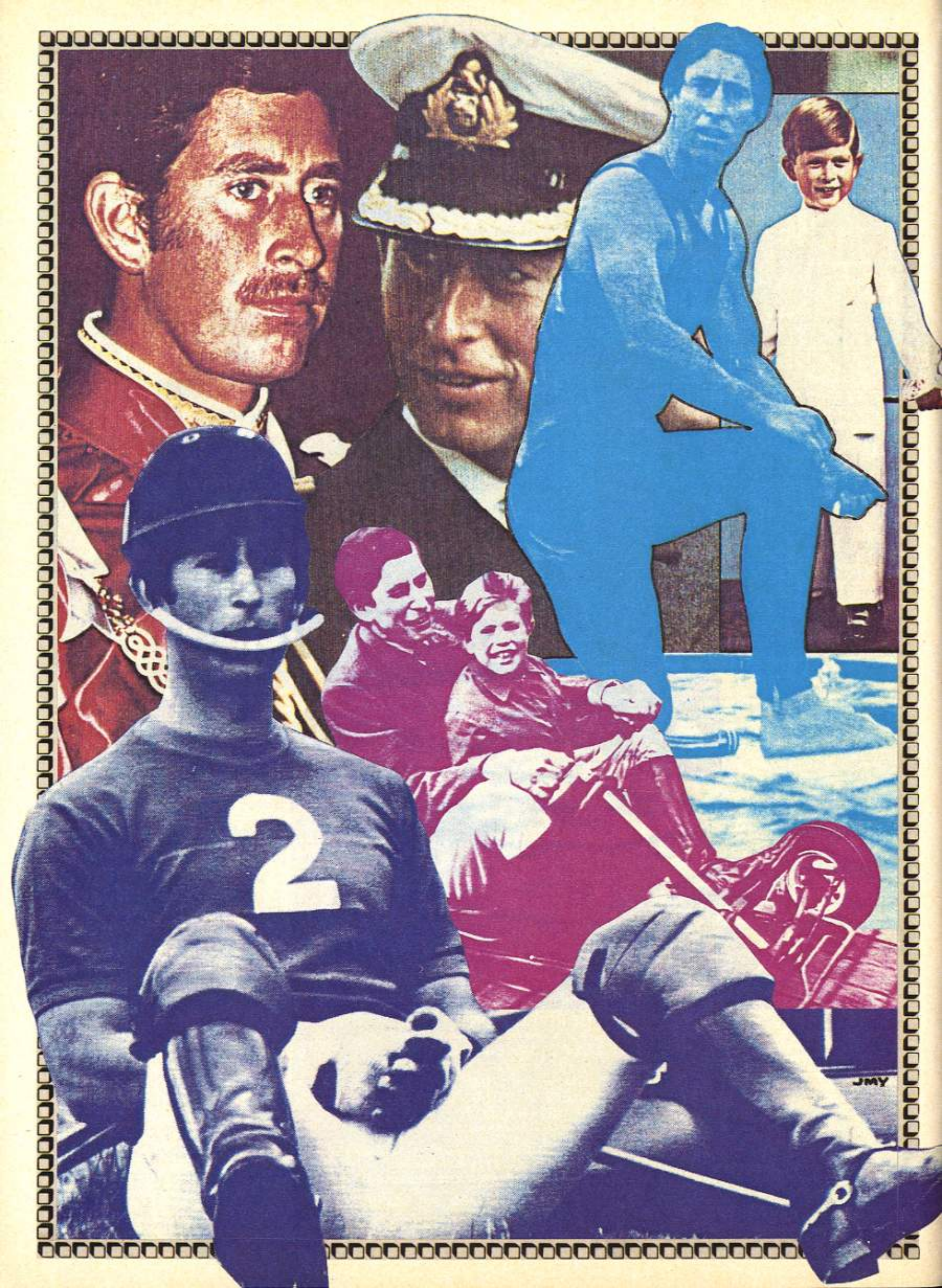
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35 Things

You Should Know About

Prince Charles

By Meri Garcia



1) Barbra Streisand is his favorite singer and he owns all her albums.

2) He has often expressed a desire to go to San Francisco.

3) One of his close friends from school-days at Gordonstoun is now a gay activist in Scotland.

4) The Prince prefers male secretaries.

5) The Prince is a known admirer of Arnold Schwarzenegger (from a physical-culture point of view—that is.) Charles also used to work out with weights.

6) The handsome Charles, who is not overmodest in his personal hygiene, is said to have a brown mole on his left buttock.

7) According to many sources, the 31-year-old is well-endowed and circumcised.

8) He is, according to another source, against the circumcision of others.

9) Charles is an enthusiast of classical Greek sculpture, including, naturally, those beautiful male nudes, all of whom are uncircumcised.

10) Someone close to Charles has confided that the royal bottom is all but hairless. Nevertheless, he has fine tufts of hair on the back of his upper thighs.

11) This same insider reports that Charles believes the only reason for marriage is to have children. And the Prince is not all too keen on fatherhood.

12) In his few—but always well-publicized—relationships with the opposite sex, Charles is said to be very much a gentleman . . . and a traditionalist. He has publically declared that he does not believe in pre-marital sex.

13) Like many of his nationality, the Prince is not much for touching others, whatever their sex. Still he has been known to lay the royal hands across the backs and backsides of sporting buddies after a sweaty victory.

14) Next to enduring marriages like that of his parents, Charles believes that male friendships are the longest and most rewarding relationships. He remains very close to his father, some male cousins, but not particularly his

brothers, who are much younger than he. It is said that his devotion to the late, assassinated Earl Mountbatten of Burma overshadowed even his devotion to his father.

15) Unlike numerous princes and unmarried politicians who have been observed or caught in a sexual act or who are known to be supplied with male and female hookers by VIP pimping organizations, Prince Charles, to the best of anyone's knowledge (and he is one of the most watched people in the world) does not frequent hookers or go to bordellos. His sex life is a complete cipher and a guarded secret.

16) In public, Charles sports boxer-style swim trunks, but in private, he is partial to black bikinis. When he is certain the press is nowhere near a private pool, he will swim nude, preferably in unheated water.

17) Charles has allegedly considered plastic surgery for his ears, which protrude prominently.

18) Among the British kings that Charles most admires are James I, a bisexual, and Richard II, a homosexual. The Prince has admitted that bisexuality is rife among British upper-class males, both royal and non-royal.

19) At least once, the Prince has been seen in public reading *Playgirl* magazine. Probably because that particular issue had an in-depth interview with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, what?

20) There is no way to prove this, but it is said that Charles, always a staunch supporter of a "Buy British" economy, definitely prefers American-made jockstraps.

21) The rumors that once circulated about a romance between Prince Charles and the seductive Princess Caroline of Monaco were pure fairytale. Charles dismisses Caroline—she of the dark eyes and lily-white skin—as a "brat" and a loose young lady who doesn't know what she wants in life. (Caroline recently separated from her sexy, playboy husband, so expect the rumor mills to grind again.)

22) Throughout most of his childhood, Charles dined with his parents only once a week. (No joint breakfasts or lunches, except during holidays.)

23) The Prince makes no bones about disliking reading, was

lousy in math (as was his mother, Queen Elizabeth) and received barely passing marks in school.

24) At school, the young Charles occasionally dressed in drag to amuse his classmates. He has also gone to see the stage show of Danny La Rue, England's most celebrated female impersonator, and much enjoyed it.

25) The Prince is an advocate of sexually segregated education and does not think it promotes homosexuality. "People are what they are," says the wise royal. "And children are not as gullible as adults assume." However, in the few interviews he does give (invariably to British or Commonwealth publications) he is enjoined by protocol from discussing sexual matters.

26) As a teen, during the male-peacock Sixties, Charles once considered a perm, but his mother vetoed it. He now does not even own a blow-dryer, preferring to towel-dry his hair.

27) Queen Elizabeth, as everyone knows, is probably the richest woman in the world. Charles' personal fortune has been estimated anywhere between one and eight million.

(Two million is the most oft-heard figure.)

28) Charles, Prince of Wales, is one of the few males in the Western world whose surname (Windsor) is his mother's, not his father's (which is Mountbatten, originally Battenberg.) This, of course, is because his mother's line is the royal British line. Charles' children will also be Windsors.

29) Horses are the family hobby, but since boyhood, Charles has resented that his younger sister, Anne, has outshone him as a horseperson. After several nasty falls, Charles took up cricket and scuba-diving to avoid competing

with his Olympic-class sister.

30) Charles has reportedly never been in a gay bar, but he has expressed an interest in visiting one—and probably would have by now if not for the attendant publicity.

31) The Prince once thought bracelets effeminate but now he occasionally wears a simple gold one. He, however, openly favored male purses, calling them convenient and practical, was subsequently sent dozens by Italian manufacturers but did not wear any—again probably because of expected negative publicity.

32) The future King of England is also an advocate of the bidet, a French bathroom staple with hose that is used for vaginal and anal hygiene, not to mention—in certain households—for pure wanton pleasure.

33) Charles, along with the entire royal family and (surprisingly) conservative Prime Minister Thatcher, came out in support of former MP Jeremy Thorpe during his sensationalized trial for a homosexual murder. Charles felt that Thorpe, whether straight or gay, was unfairly victimized by the press and that his private life was nobody's business but his own. (Thorpe was found innocent of the charges, by the way.)

34) Charles has told friends that he is against the recent boycott of gay publications by W.H. Smith, Britain's largest magazine retailer. He also considers born-again Christians of the Anita Bryant stripe to be "bigots and fanatics."

35) Were he a non-royal and free to choose his own home, Charles has said that he would prefer to live Down Under, in or near Sydney. (We can't blame him.) ■■



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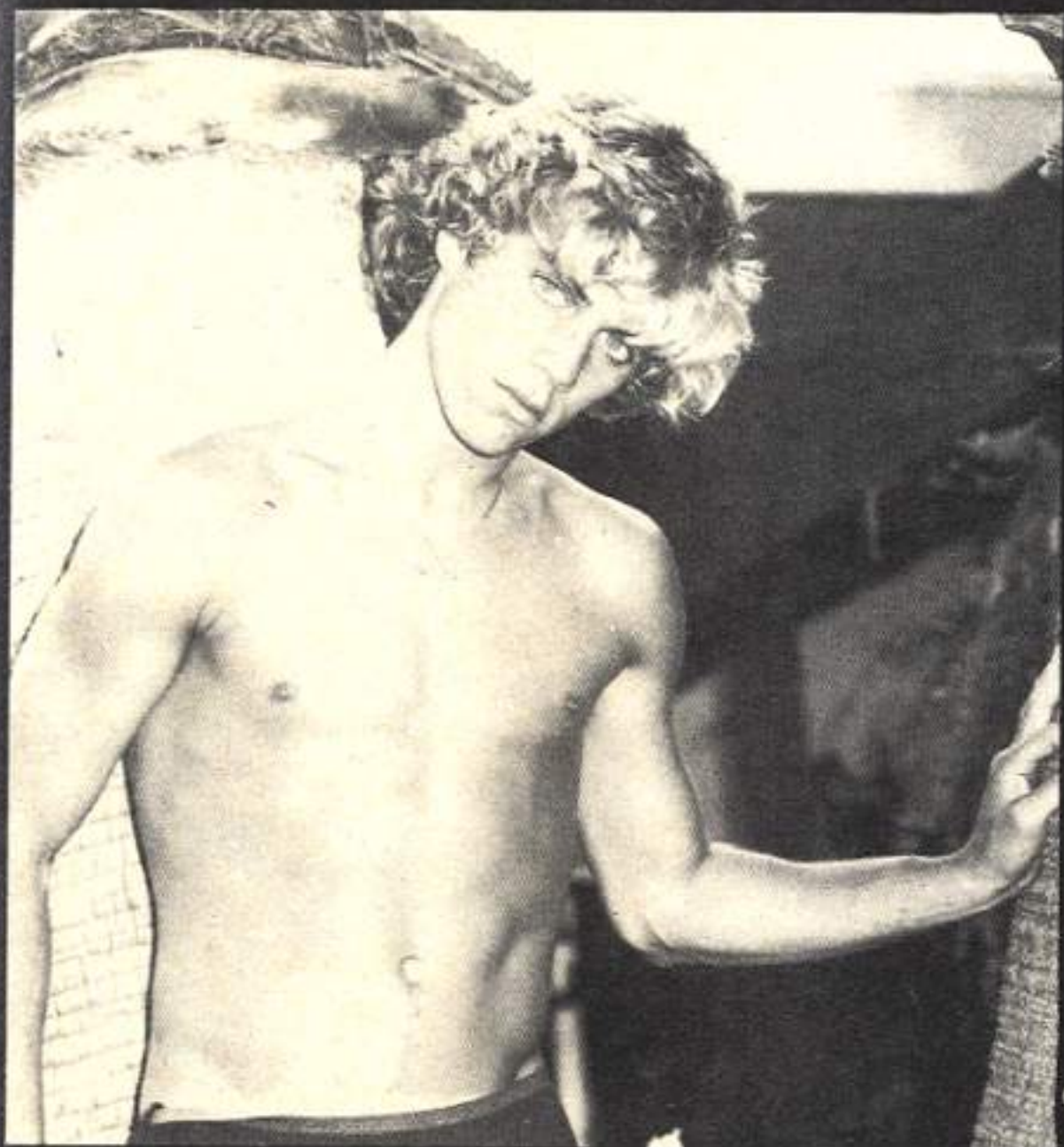
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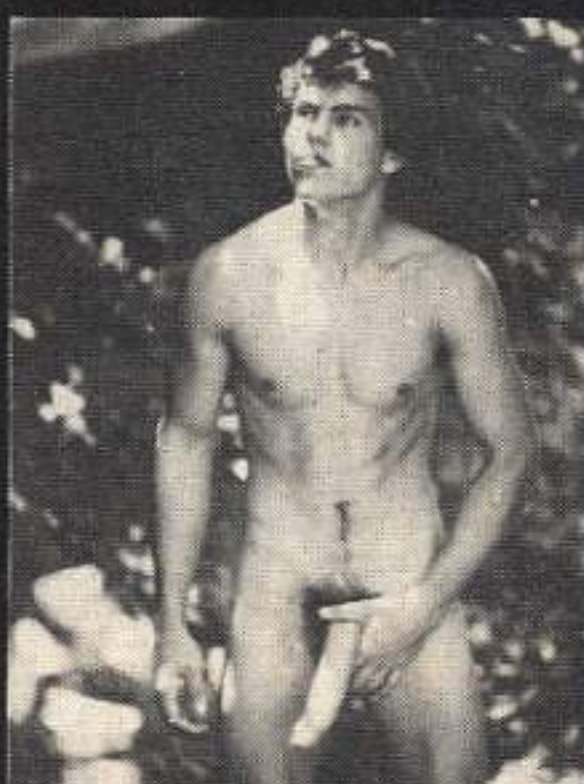
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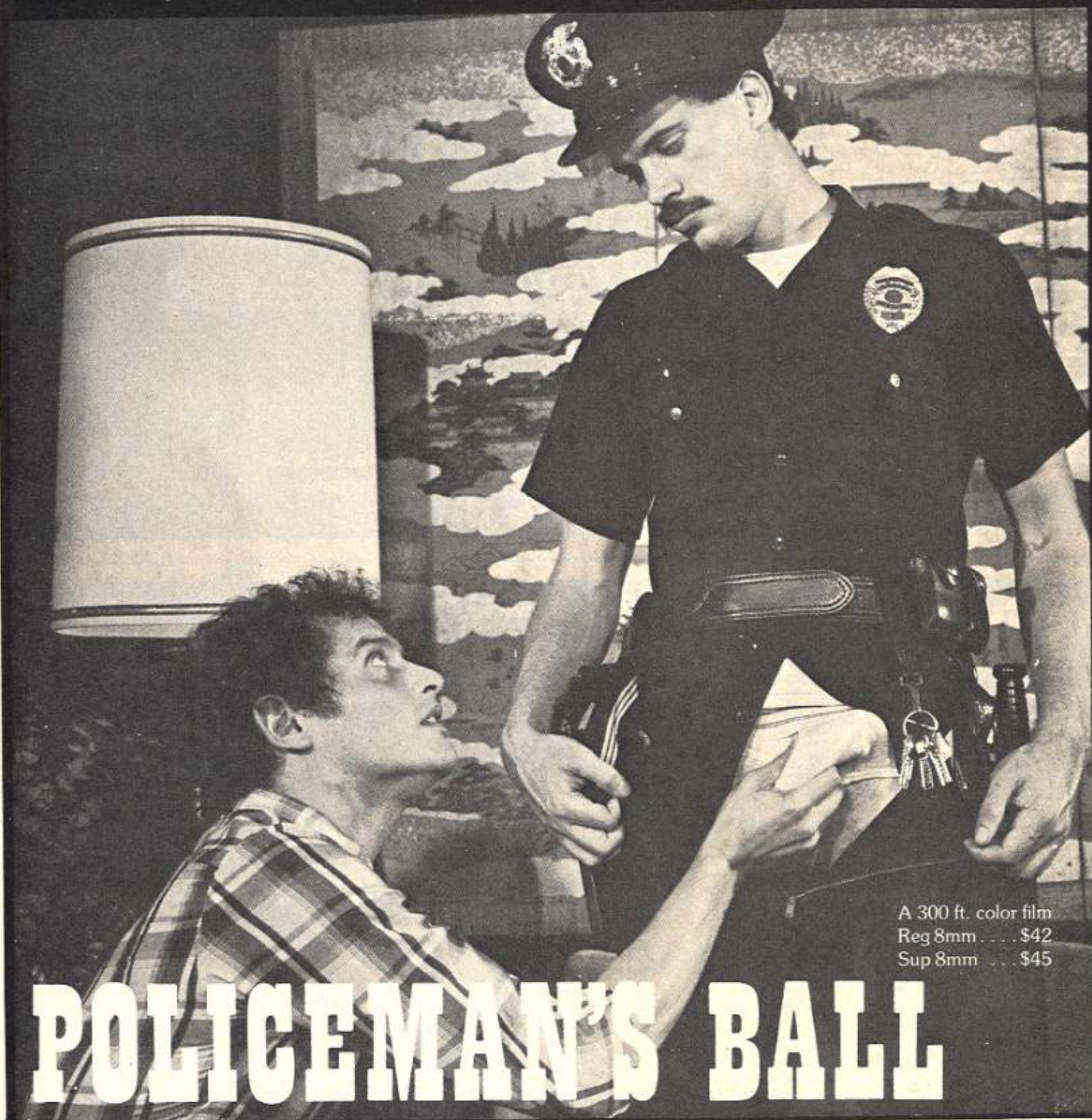
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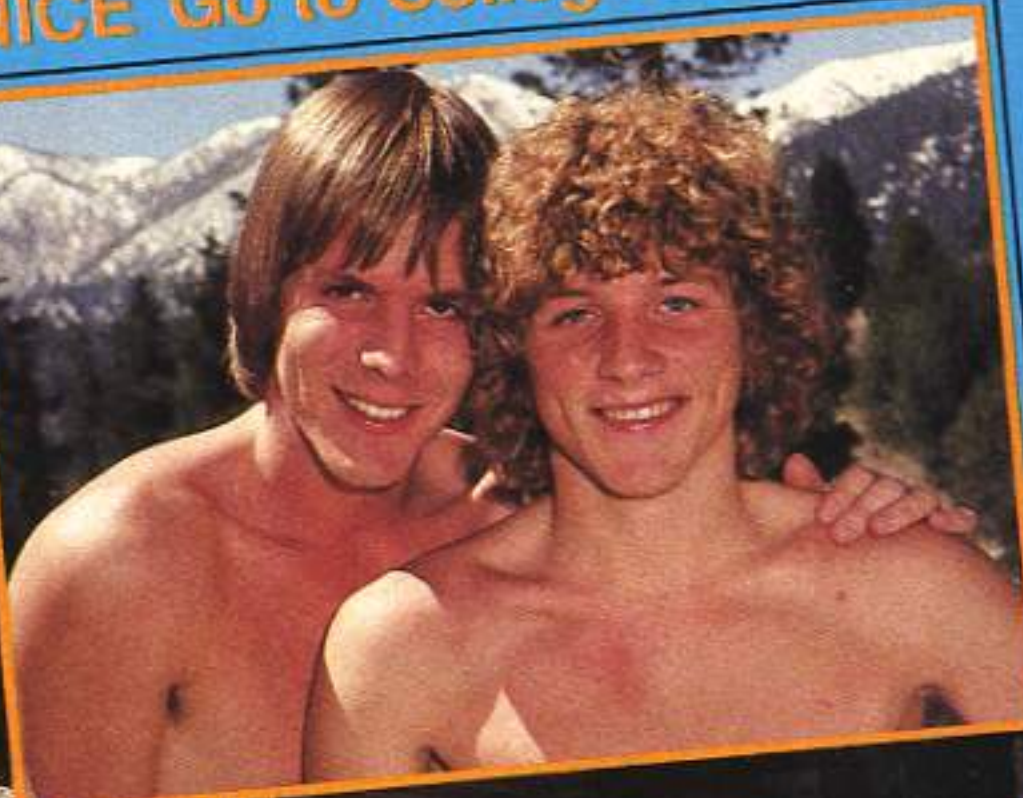
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NIGHTLIFE!



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Photos by DUDLEY LANE



LANE

NIGHTLIFE

CHOIR BOYS AT PLAY: Alright, you guys, if it's eight in the morning, why do we still see a moon in these pictures? moon in these pictures? Church, you say? This is Sunday morning services at Greg's Blue Dot in L.A. See, our Hollywood partyboys have a bar shut-down of two A.M. But they pay it no mind, go dance afterwards at the Probe and then trot down the street to Greg's at the crack of dawn when the cocktails are brought out and the singing of him resumes.

LATINS FROM MANHATTAN?: Why are these two double-duty damas wrecking havoc with the color chart and wearing fruit salads on their heads? It's the Copacabana party at New York Company Bar and Grill, a restaurant/bar that is throwing a series of parties to celebrate legendary New York nightspots of the past like 21 and the Stork Club. Great idea, huh? It's even greater when you realize that the New York Company Bar and Grill is located in Los Angeles, where Manhattan usually means Manhattan Beach.



GARY BARTLEY



MICHAEL ZEN

TONGUE IN CHEEK: They told us to watch Michael Zen's *Falconhead*. They said it was new and artistic and socially relevant. Well, we just hope the guy in the hood brushes after every meal. The film is available only at Le Salon (Dept. T, 30 Sheridan, San Francisco, CA 94103)

DON'T BE SHY: Come out, come out, come out from behind those minks, monkey-furs and chinchillas. We want to introduce you to America. America, meet the Campers, a ka-razy, kooked-out sextet who sing Connie-Francis torch songs to dildos, mime Lucy's stewed-to-the-gills Vitameata-vegamin routine and go through enough costumes to get zipper burns. We spotted them at Oil Can Harry's and Studio One, both in L.A. *Enchanter*, no? Oh-oh, they've got their traveling shoes on and may soon be pounding the pavement where you live. Hope you have enough nets and straight-jackets.



HOLD IT, WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH AUSTRALIA YET:

Before we tie the wallabies down and bid all the marsupials a fond farewell, let's hear what one of our favorite philosophers, Bette Midler, had to say on the subject in her hilarious best-seller, *A View From A Broad* (Simon and Schuster, Rockefeller Center, New York

10020; \$12.50): "Let's face it, kids—once you're out of Sydney, every town is Perth. Let's talk about Perth for a minute. Actually a minute is about as long as you can talk about Perth... and Melbourne is the kind of town that really makes you consider the question: is there life before death." Th-th-that's all folks!



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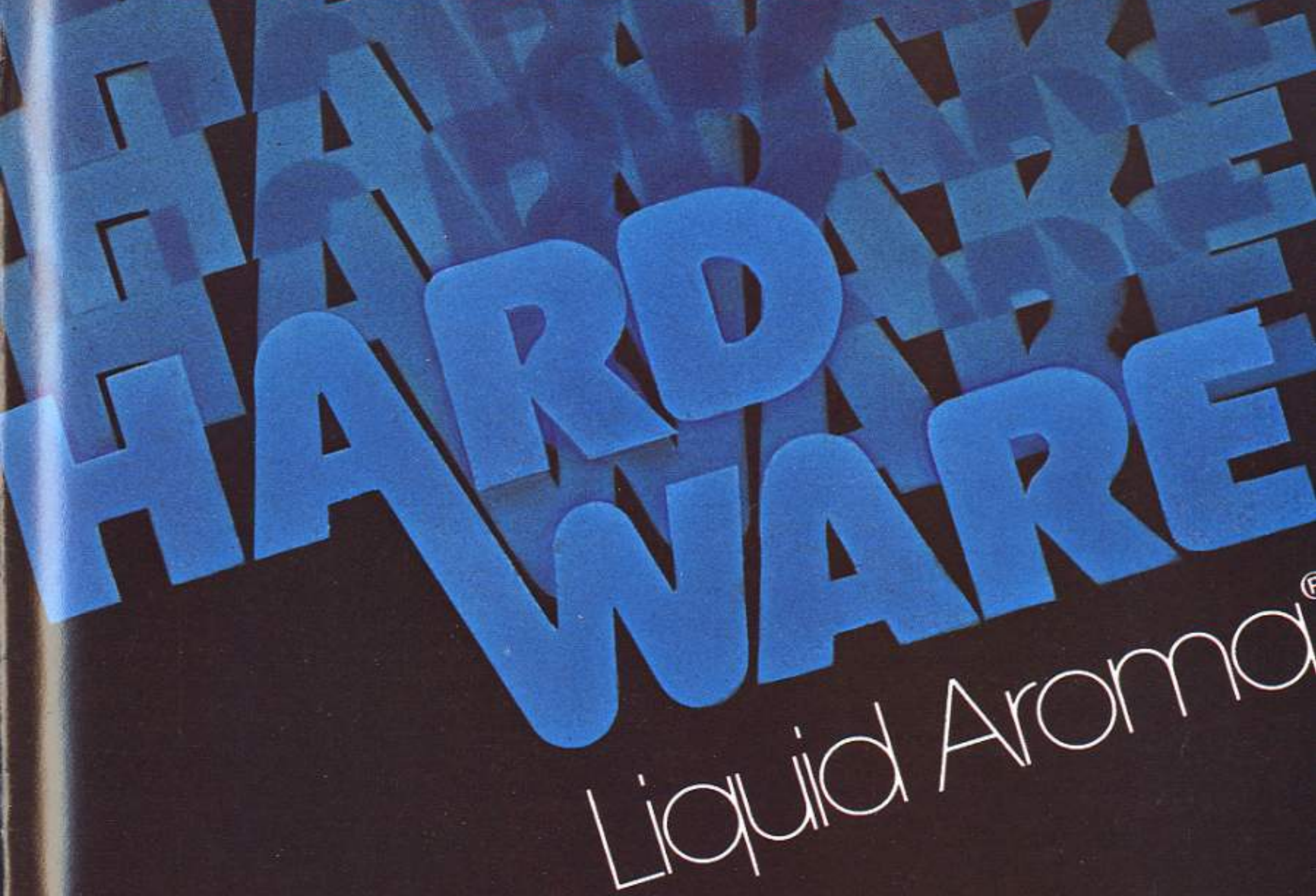
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